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LYSIAS.

LYSIAS was born in a period when Athens was at the height of her glory. By the defeat of the barbarians, Grecian liberty had been long since secured, and domestic peace had enabled the Athenians to devote their intellectual activity to those various pursuits of genius in which they so marvellously excelled. They had produced Thucydides, the father of philosophical and political history—as distinguished from mere historical chronicles—Sophocles, the most polished representative of dramatic art; Aristophanes, prince of comedians, and Socrates the founder of moral philosophy. Antipho and Andocides had already represented eloquence, when Lysias appeared, who subsequently became a type and canon of Attic oratory and dialect.

His father, a Syracusan, had settled in Athens by the invitation of Pericles; Lysias himself was forty-seven years old when the Syracusan disaster to Athens occurred; and, persecuted by the Thirty, his patriotism induced him, exile as he

was, to make large sacrifices of property in aid of the cause of the patriots under Thrasybulus.

These facts are thus briefly alluded to, only to remind the reader, that, according to the time in which Lysias lived, he must have been intimately acquainted with the constitution, laws, and politics, as well as with the most cultivated dialect of Athens. His incidental testimony, therefore, as given in his speeches, is especially valuable in reference to the circumstances of his age.

To sketch the life of Lysias, and to correct (as might be done) some statements of Plutarch respecting him, is not within the scope of our design or limits in this article: we can only refer, for such points, to the second volume of Dobson's *Oratores Attici*, and such other sources as scholars are acquainted with. But, without obtruding upon the department of the scholar, our design is simply to glean from Lysias a few such items of Grecian life as might appear to be taken from annals of modern society.

And we propose nothing beyond furnishing a few moments of harmless amusement, for readers who have not had the time to examine the speeches of this orator. In pursuance of this design, we shall do little more than jot down hastily a series of observations, as we skimmingly turn over the pages of our author.

Of the immense number of orations—upwards of two hundred—which Lysias is believed to have composed, only thirty-four have reached us, and of these some are undoubtedly spurious, some mutilated, and the text is often in the most unsatisfactory condition. In ancient times there were, indeed, upwards of four hundred orations extant under this orator's name, more than the half of which, however, were considered by ancient critics not to be genuine. There have also reached us the scanty fragments of some hundred other speeches of Lysias; but they consist only of a few sentences, or lines, or, often, of nothing but single words. Such being the existing state of our author's works, we cannot but perceive what a loss we have to regret, when we consider his reputation, and the mass of facts, respecting Athenian life and law, which must have existed in his speeches. Photius (the *myriobiblist*!) says, that a certain Paulus of Mysia rejected, as spurious, many fine speeches which went under the name of Lysias, and thus deprived men of very great benefit, because the speeches, once condemned by calumny, became neglected and lost; "the calumny," adds the Patriarch, "as in many other cases, becoming stronger than the truth." But who this misguided critic or editor Paulus was, is entirely unknown. The learned English scholar Taylor says, amusingly, in his style of Latin, something to the following effect: "Who that Paul

was, with what language, what station of life, what epoch he was familiar—whether he was white or black, honest or a knave—I know just about as much as the greatest ignoramuses."

It is quite amusing, by the way, to see how the scholars rail at and vituperate one another in their notes. Taylor is constantly astonished at some other commentator's absurdity or ignorance, and is perpetually making a pedantic display of his own extent of erudition, even by digressions quite foreign to the subject matter of the text. For this he is reproached by Reiske, who declares himself so free from such a disease of vanity, as, in that respect, to be leaner—more skin and bone ("*strigosior*") than others are by such disease obese. In fact, he thinks that by such a method of commenting, one might write upon any author volumes enough to overload a camel—("*quot vel camelum fatigent*."). Poor Schott is a standing mark for Taylor's sarcasm; while Reiske condemns Taylor's latinity, and even says that he has known few Englishmen who had learned to write a Latin style; and Dr. Donaldson, an English scholar, also speaks of "the laxity of modern Latin scholarship." It is, however, so well known what an anthology of learned Billingsgate can be culled from the writings of the older scholars, that it would here be superfluous to say more about the matter.

We have above alluded to the unsatisfactory state of the text of Lysias, as we now possess it: we will only here add, that the chief manuscript seems to have been one brought from Mount Athos by Constantine Lascaris, from which Aldus printed the *editio princeps* of this orator. And, so far as we know, all the known manuscripts of Lysias' works are deplorably de-

fective. We have, however, most fortunately, the works of a critic, who must have had better opportunity than we can possess for forming a judgment respecting our orator. Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, who was a really learned and judicious man, with a genuine critical faculty, has left us invaluable commentaries upon ancient authors. His remarks upon Lysias afford a pretty complete analysis and summary of that author's characteristics; and, therefore, from the commentaries of Dionysius we shall select and condense some of the most remarkable features of our orator's style. It may be remarked, in passing, that many writers and orators of the present day might profit by the study of Dionysius' criticisms, as to taste, propriety of diction, and the genuine elements of real and natural eloquence.

Dionysius having expressed generally his opinion with regard to the superiority of Lysias as an orator, proceeds to justify his views, by an examination, in detail, of the peculiar excellencies which characterize the style of our author's compositions. The critic pronounces the diction of this orator to be, in the highest degree, pure, and the best canon of the Attic tongue, not in the archaic form, but as it existed in the orator's time; and in this respect, Dionysius affirms that Lysias was never surpassed, if ever equalled by subsequent writers. Of those who followed Lysias, our critic regards Isocrates as purest in diction.

Another excellence, is the clearness and simplicity with which our orator expresses his conceptions, not endeavouring to impart force to them or to render them striking by rhetorical arts and strange expressions; but, although possessing great copiousness of language, he renders every thought lucid by the selection of always the most appropriate word, and by never employing any

superfluous terms. It is this excellence which imparts liveliness to his statements, and brings before his hearers the facts which he relates as vividly as if they were being really transacted. And not only so with regard to facts, but the thoughts, sentiments, and feelings of the orator are so conveyed, that the hearer seems to conceive and feel them as his own. As might be expected from the possession of such qualities, Lysias is also an acute penetrator and delineator of character. He possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of concealing his art, and is thus a model of naturalness and truthfulness of style. Hence, too, he is one of the most persuasive of orators; at the same time, his style is characterized by conciseness, terseness, and well-rounded compactness. While not sublime or magnificent, it is not pompous, artificial, nor windy: it persuades rather than compels: it exhibits Nature rather than Art: it is more forcible in the delineation of character than of passion; and especially is it more elegant and graceful than vehement and bitter. A peculiar "grace," indeed, is considered by the critic as so especial a characteristic of this orator, that, by it, independent of other proof, the genuineness of the speeches current under his name may be tested. This characteristic is even regarded by Dionysius as the surest criterion by which to test these speeches, and, in absence of all external testimony, he unhesitatingly rejects or accepts a speech by the application of this single touchstone. Other orators may equal or excel Lysias in other respects, or may successfully imitate him; but in this quality he is unapproachable and inimitable. The critic confesses, however, that this "grace" is as indescribable as it is inimitable. Like the grace and beauty of the bloom of youth, or the rhythm and

harmony of music, it can only be perceived and felt, but cannot be described by words. Every one can have some perception or feeling of it; but only an intimate familiarity with the orator's works will produce that tact which instinctively recognizes the true Lysian grace.

After having analyzed our author's style, the critic then examines Lysias' mode of dealing practically with the cases which he undertook. Here he is awarded the praise of possessing sound judgment, large comprehension of all the circumstances involved, foresight of everything which, as pleader, he would have to meet or anticipate, as well as the skill of making the most excellent and effective arrangement of his materials. If the orator was not equally excellent in all of the different species of oratory which he was called upon to exercise, (as, for instance, legal, deliberative, public speeches, &c.) his powers may be judged of from the alleged fact, that of all his speeches for clients only two failed to be successful, and those only on account of the hopeless badness of the causes. It must be remembered, also, that Lysias wrote his speeches for the use of others, and is said to have delivered, personally, only one of the orations extant. To him appears to belong the old anecdote, that having prepared a speech for a client's use, it was returned to him with the remark that upon the first perusal it appeared admirable, but that several subsequent perusals made it seem rather tame and feeble; whereupon the orator replied, with a smile, "but you expect to deliver it only once to the court."

Were we to follow all the criticisms of Dionysius, we should exhaust our limited space without producing any material directly from our author's works. But hastening on over criticisms, lives, readings, &c., ancient and modern,

we will turn at once to the Oration itself. In pursuance of our design, as already stated, we shall enter upon no learned questions, but merely gather, as we skim the pages of our author, a few illustrations of modern life in ancient times.

The first speech with which we meet, is a defence of a homicide, perpetrated under very aggravating circumstances. The whole case might be taken for a modern one, but as it is no part of our design to report it, we allude to it only in order to pick out one or two little facts illustrative of familiar life. For instance, when a husband declares that he was always careful about his wife, so that she should neither be annoyed by his authority, nor yet have too much of her own way, and that he committed entirely to her the management of the household economy, considering her one of the very best wives in the city; we seem to be listening to a model husband of our own day. Many folks think that the Greeks had not much respect for their women, but how like modern politeness does it sound, when he tells us that he gave up his apartments on the lower floor, and moved his quarters up stairs, in order to accommodate his wife when she had a little baby to attend to. When he mentions, too, that he made the charge of his quarters, in order that his wife might not run any risk by having to go down stairs, (the word for *staircase* and *ladder* being, by the way, the same,) we appreciate the more his thoughtful care; for we can almost imagine that there were houses in Athens closely resembling, in certain respects at least, some modern structures in which we have lived, and where we have incurred dangers similar to those from which the husband in question delivered his wife, by saving her from the perils

of getting up and down stairs. Had he only mentioned the agonizing creak and squeak of his ladder-like stairs, we could have paralleled them exactly. We must not conceal the fact, however, that he confesses on one occasion, in the night, when his wife was up stairs, to have insisted upon her going down and nursing the infant, in order to put a stop to its squalling. We leave comment upon this to modern married folks; for ourselves, we can only shake our head and say, with the profound "our own correspondents" of the journals—"such is life!"

We may also learn from this speech a certain point of etiquette, from the statement that the speaker was surprised at seeing a female rouged, although her brother had not yet been dead a month. This gross heathenish outrage of propriety has, of course, no parallel nor analogue in modern Christian times. And when an Athenian gentleman, enquiring about the cause of a slamming of doors during the night, was satisfied by the reply, that the light kept in the room with the infant went out, and they had to go to a neighbour's to rekindle it, we cannot but pity the pagan darkness of a people who had no lucifer matches.

The speech, however, must not be judged from the light tone in which we have alluded to the above statements. It is a speech marked by many of the characteristics of Lysias, and is doubtless one of the genuine and successful productions of that orator.

The funeral oration or eulogy which follows, in our edition, the speech above alluded to, is pronounced, by one critic to be most beautiful and ornate, by another to be inflated and averse from the style of the orator and his age, and another finds in it what, as to taste, is absolutely disgusting and puerile.

We have no doubt that it is spurious, and that it is a later rhetorical exercise of the schools. We shall, therefore, dismiss it with the single remark, that our "hyfalutin" and "spread-eagle" style of orators will find it quite a classical model of bombast and turgidity, which may, at least, teach the incorrigible how to express their effusions in an artistical manner.

The speech in defence of one prosecuted by a certain Simon for wounding with intent to kill, has been considered doubtful; but it seems to bear certain marks of genuineness. We cannot report the case, but it may furnish us with one or two illustrations of Athenian life. It appears that the prosecutor had broken into the defendant's house, in order to carry off by violence a boy, who, as the prosecutor had heard, was there harboured. This violence was committed not only in a drunken spree, but was greatly heightened in insolence by the fact, that the reveller and his companions had broken into the female apartments. The defendant lays important stress upon the facts, that the prosecutor had burst into the apartments of females (the defendant's widowed sister and her daughters), who had ever been accustomed to such modesty, decorum, and privacy of life, that they were shamed at being seen even by their own relations; and, furthermore, that the offender became so insolent, that even his own companions assisted those present in putting him out. It seems that, not finding the boy, nor the master of the house, who was dining out, the prosecutor proceeded to the house where the defendant was dining, and calling him out to the street, began to strike and pelt him with stones, wounding thereby another person. Immediately after this the defendant left the city, and was

some time absent; upon his return, however, the prosecutor and his friends lay in wait for the defendant and the boy, and attacked them in the streets, when all parties had apparently been drinking. The boy dropped his cloak and ran off one way, and the defendant took to his heels down another street. The boy took refuge in the shop of a fuller, whence the prosecutor's party dragged him by violence, despite his bawling and squalling, and the cries of "shame!" "shame!" from the by-standers. The poor fuller, and some others who undertook to interfere actively on behalf of the boy, got a sound thrashing. However, as they were carrying off the boy, the defendant met them in another street and laid hold of their prey, whereupon they attacked him, and a row or street-fight commenced. By-standers went into it, in order to help the weaker side, and in the tumult—as the defendant says—"we all got our heads broken." It would appear, however, that the prosecutor's party came off "second best" in this fray; and he subsequently indicted the defendant for having hit him with an earthen vessel, with intent to kill.

Are we reading about an occurrence in Athens centuries ago, or have we, by mistake, got hold of some police report from one of our contemporary cities? No! here is the Greek text before us, proving that those wonderful Athenians, whose genius was universal, could even furnish a classical, although heathen, pattern of modern rowdiness in Christian lands; and it is especially to be noted that no deadly weapons were employed in the fray.

Our limited space requires us to pass over sundry speeches, more or less genuine, of our author, and to come to the oration which is traditionally represented as having been

delivered by Lysias in *propria persona*.

During the dominion of the Thirty Tyrants, one of their number, Eratosthenes, had been instrumental in procuring the death of Lysias' brother; the Republic being restored, the orator now seeks to bring Eratosthenes to condign punishment. The whole speech is admirable—one of the very best of our author—and we should like to give a somewhat copious analysis of it, did not our limited time and space forbid. From a remark in the exordium, this would seem to be the first occasion upon which the orator himself publicly managed a cause.

For thirty years the family had been settled in Athens, without having ever been engaged in any lawsuit whatever, either as prosecutors or defendants. Knowing, as we do, that litigation was a ruling passion with the Athenian, the above-mentioned fact implies the family to have been singularly wise, judicious, and excellent people. After the establishment of the Thirty Tyrants, however, these unscrupulous wretches, upon the pretence of purifying the city and turning the citizens to the cultivation of virtue and justice, began persecuting and destroying, as enemies to the State, those citizens who were obnoxious to them, or whose wealth they coveted. These measures were extended also to the metics, [resident aliens not enrolled among, and not enjoying the political rights of, the citizens proper.] and at the instigation of Theognis and Peison, the Tyrants determined to seize a certain number of wealthy persons belonging to this class. (As to the precise number, Lysias and Xenophon appear to differ.) Since to enrich themselves with the confiscated property of the denounced, was the real motive of the Tyrants, in order to save appearances, they included two poor

persons in the number of their intended victims, as if to show that it was not avarice, but the benefit of the State, which actuated them.

The family of Lysias, (whose father was no longer living,) was among the proscribed. A party of the Thirty coming to the house of Lysias, turned out the guests whom he was entertaining, and delivered up Lysias himself to the custody of Peison. Some of them went into the work-shop, and were employed in writing down a list of the slaves. Meanwhile, Lysias asked Peison if he would save him for a sum of money. Upon Peison's replying that he would, provided it were a large sum, Lysias offered to give him a talent of silver, [\$1056.60;] and to this Peison agreed. Lysias, although knowing that Peison had respect for neither gods nor men, nevertheless exacted an oath for the performance of the agreement, and Peison, accordingly, solemnly imprecated from the gods utter destruction upon himself and children, root and branch, if he did not save Lysias upon receiving the talent. Hereupon, Lysias entering a chamber, opened a chest to get the money; but Peison followed him, and seeing the contents of the chest, he immediately called two of his apparitors and ordered them to take possession of the effects. Thus, instead of the talent, he seized three talents of silver, four hundred Cyzicenean gold coins, a hundred darics, and four silver cups. Lysias entreated the plunderer to leave him something for his present necessities, but received as answer that he might be satisfied if he escaped with life.

As they were leaving the house, those who had been engaged registering the slaves in the work-shop met them, and asked where they were going. Peison replied, to make an examination of the house

of Polemarchus, the brother of Lysias. The party, thereupon, despatched Peison upon this errand, but took Lysias along with them to the house of Damnippus. Peison, however, before they separated, took occasion, privately, to enjoin silence upon his victim as to what had occurred between them, and to bid him be of good cheer, for that he (Peison) would join them at Damnippus' house. At this house the party conducting Lysias found Theognis, with some persons in his custody, and turning their prisoner over to their colleague, they departed elsewhere.

In such circumstances, Lysias naturally felt that a fatal termination was impending, and taking Damnippus aside, he appealed to him, as a near friend, to exert himself to save an innocent man, who was threatened with destruction solely on account of his wealth. Damnippus was willing to serve his friend, but thought the best way would be to communicate with Theognis, who would do anything for money. While, however, Damnippus was conferring with Theognis, it occurred to Lysias, being perfectly acquainted with the arrangement and structure of the house, that he might as well seize the opportunity for attempting an escape; considering, that if he failed, and was recaptured, he could either secure safety by bribing Theognis, or at the worst, be put to death—which at present seemed undoubtedly to be his impending fate. In this attempt at flight he fortunately succeeded, having found all of the doors necessary for his egress open, and a guard having been placed only at the principal entrance. He reached the house of a friend, (who seems to have lived at the Piræus,) and sent him back to the city to enquire about the fate of Polemarchus. The ominous information brought back

to Lysias was, that his brother had been arrested in the street by Eratosthenes and lodged in the public prison. Upon learning this, Lysias sailed the next night for Megara.

Polemarchus, without any public trial, received the usual sentence of the Thirty—to drink the fatal hemlock. And after his execution, they would not even remit enough of his property to permit him to be decently buried, in a manner suitable to his position and wealth; but his friends contributed the ordinary necessities for the humble funeral. The most valuable portion, also, of the confiscated property the Thirty appropriated to themselves, while the rest was turned over to the public treasury. And one of the miscreants went so far in his violence, as even, when the house of the deceased was visited, to take the earrings out of the ears of Polemarchus' wife—property, by the way, which was strictly hers, personally, she having possessed the trinkets before she was married. The family thus treated, had ever been obedient to the laws, had contributed liberally to the expenses of the State, had ransomed many prisoners of war, and had never incurred any enmity whatever. It was their property which caused them to be thus persecuted by the ruthless cupidity of the Thirty. Do we not seem to be reading an episode from the old French Revolution?

It is somewhat remarkable that the orator, in the course of this indictment of Eratosthenes, calls the man himself upon the witness-stand, and puts to him questions before the court which, it would seem, he dared not evade. It is with regret that we must forego any analysis of the argument of this speech; but it is so filled with political details, that, in order to do it justice, we would have to translate, or minutely analyze it, which our limits for-

bid. We can only add that the orator, finally, conceives that the departed victims of the Tyrants' cruelty are listening to the argument, and will be aware of the verdict; so that they will regard the court, according to the tenor of that verdict, as virtually accessories to their death, or as exacting just vengeance for their wrongs. And he concludes with the words—"I will cease accusing; you have heard, you have beheld, you have suffered; you have the case—pronounce *your* judgment." Does not this smack of the French revolutionary tribunal?

From one speech we learn, incidentally, that it is by no means a modern custom for persons to bequeath money to the church, to the prejudice of their lawful heirs; since we find Conon, in his will, leaving the large legacy of five thousand staters to Minerva and Apollo, while to a nephew who had been the manager of his property, he left about ten thousand drachmæ, [the drachma was a little more than 17 cents;] to his brother three talents, and the residue of the property, seventeen talents, went to his son. Whatever may be the exact estimate of the Cyprian stater—(for as Conon's property was in that island, and he died there, it is natural to suppose that coin to be meant)—the sum left to the temples cannot have been less than eighteen talents.

There is a speech against certain corn-factors, which is interesting, as throwing some light upon the Athenian corn-laws—a subject which was of such vital importance to Athens, that certain violations of them were punished with death. The speech shows, that unscrupulous combinations to create a monopoly and to control the market, were well understood, long before "engrossing" and "regrating" were ever heard of.

But we have only time and space to advert to one more speech, which is interesting, as illustrating some social scandals in Athenian life. As to embezzlement of public funds, peculation, swindling, &c., we doubt whether the most enlightened modern nations, have added very much to the productions of Greek genius in that department; at least, the Greeks were not greatly behind the moderns. The speech to which we have turned, is a prosecution against a guardian for swindling his wards.

The prosecutor was the uncle of the wards. Who and what the defendant was, will soon appear. The speaker opens his address, by stating the reluctance with which he brings family affairs into public court; but every effort to keep the matter private and to settle it by the arbitration of friends, having proved fruitless, on account of the stubbornness of the defendant, the interests involved are so important, that his clients find themselves at length compelled to appeal to the tribunal of justice. And the orator is willing to forfeit all character for truth and honesty, if he does not prove to the court that his clients have been treated, by their guardian, with the most unparalleled villainy.

There were two brothers, Diodotus and Diogeiton, who, upon inheriting the paternal estate, divided the personal property, and held the real estate in common. Diodotus, who had amassed considerable wealth by commerce, was induced by Diogeiton, to marry the only daughter of the latter. By her Diodotus had three children, a girl and two boys. In course of time, Diodotus being drafted for foreign military service, and supposing from the double relationship in which Diogeiton stood to himself and the children, that no more suitable and trustworthy a

guardian could be found, entrusted to his keeping a will, and also a sum of money, as a deposit for the children. The vouchers also, for considerable other sums invested in sundry ways—(for instance, bottomry bonds, &c.)—were likewise entrusted to Diogeiton; and it was enjoined upon him, in case of the death of the testator, to give a certain sum, together with the goods and chattels in the house to his wife, and another specified sum to his daughter. He also left with his wife, a sum in ready money. Having made these dispositions, he departed upon the expedition from which he never returned. He died at Ephesus.

Diogeiton, upon learning the news of his brother's death, concealed it for sometime from the widow, and obtained from her certain sealed documents, which the deceased had left, upon the pretext that they were vouchers necessary for drawing in certain monies due. At length, however, he acquainted the family with the death of Diodotus, and the customary funeral rites were performed. For the first year after this, they lived together at the Piræus; but when the stores and provisions which they had there were exhausted, he sent the boys to the city, and married off their mother, giving as her dowry, considerably less than her husband had left for her. Eight years subsequently, when the eldest boy had attained his majority, Diogeiton told the boys that their father had left them but a small sum of money, and that, consequently, he, their guardian, had been at considerable expense for their maintenance; that he did not mind it, so long as he possessed the means; but that he was himself, now reduced to want, and that the eldest boy, being now of age and a man, must look out for the future means of support—

there was nothing further to be got from their guardian.

Astonished at this, the boys went weeping to their mother, and brought her to the speaker, beseeching him, with tears and pitiable entreaties, not to suffer them to be thus deprived of their inheritance and reduced to poverty, by one, from whom, least of all, should they experience such usage. It would not be easy, said the orator, to describe the grief with which they filled his house. And this is not to be wondered at, when we consider that, from affluence and expectation of wealth, they were thus suddenly and unexpectedly reduced to abject poverty, by the villainy of their nearest relative and natural protector. Such a change, caused by the last person whom they would ever have suspected, may well be conceived as coming upon them like a thunderbolt. The mother besought the speaker to bring together her father and their friends, that she might explain to them her wrongs; for although unaccustomed to speak among men, she felt that the magnitude of her misfortunes would compel her tongue to an adequate exposition of them. This family meeting was effected, after the unwilling Diogeiton had, with difficulty, been compelled, as it were, by friends, to attend.

The injured lady asked him, what kind of soul he could possess, to entertain such designs against his own grand-children. If he felt no shame or respect for men, he ought, at least, to have had some fear of the gods. She charges him with having appropriated the money entrusted to him; and that he had also taken the money from certain invested funds, she proves by producing papers which, when they were moving house, some of the servants had picked up and brought

to her. She shows the sources of large revenue which they possessed, and thus confutes his statement as to the comparatively small property left by his brother. And yet this unnatural guardian, after having appropriated and devoured their substance, turned the children of his daughter and brother out of their own house, in threadbare garments, shoeless, without an attendant, with nothing which their father had left them; while nevertheless, he found means to rear in wealth and luxury his own children by the step-mother of the injured lady. In fine, so eloquent and pathetic were her upbraidings of the man, who sacrificed the fear of the gods, reverence for his brother's memory, affection for his daughter, to the sordid love of money, that the whole assembly was melted to tears; and reflecting how difficult it was to find a trustworthy friend, they separated in silence, weeping not less than the objects of their pity and sympathy. Indeed, the orator regards it as a just ground of general indignation against the accused, that his conduct (considering his relations towards the dead and the living, whom he has deceived and wronged), tended to shake all confidence in friendship and relationship.

The prosecutor next exposes the falsity of Diogeiton's accounts, as guardian, and shows, by particular details, how grossly he has cheated his wards, overcharging certain items, charging others in a lump at exorbitant estimates, without any specification of details—(as, for instance, so much for the barber's bill for so many years, &c.)—placing to their account expenses for state services, to which, as minors, they were not liable—making commercial speculations with their money and at their risk, but pocketing the profits when the specula-

tion proved successful, alleging the outlay for the venture to have been from his own pocket; and, in short, acting as if he had been appointed guardian, in order to reduce the children to poverty, and to give them empty accounts instead of their property, or, (as might be figuratively said of the analogous swindler in Christian lands,) when the victims asked for bread, to give them a stone. Having confirmed his statements by the testimony of witnesses, the prosecutor shows that, even out of the fund which the guardian admitted to have been left to him in trust, he could—upon the most liberal scale, beyond what any citizen expends for like purposes—have supported the children, with their proper attendants, for eight years, and have, nevertheless, left a large surplus.

At this point, unfortunately, the speech breaks off, no more of it having escaped the ravages of time. But, as far it goes, it looks very much as if its counterpart might be found in some modern reports. Fragment as it is, in our judgment it is one of the finest examples of Lysias' style; and we must, in this respect, place in the same category this speech and the oration against Eratosthenes. It must be remembered that this superficial and hastily prepared essay, can give no adequate conception of Lysias' orations; but we feel confident that readers acquainted with the original will agree with the judgment which we have expressed.

There is one case—Fragment No. 1—which we hesitate about quoting, because it may be so ancient and heathenish, as to have no surviving analogue in modern Christian times. However, it is curious in itself. It relates to a character who borrowed money from the prosecutor, at a rate of interest

proposed by the borrower himself, in order, as he alleged, to start a certain lucrative business, for which he had not sufficient capital. As he professed to be a disciple of Socrates, and talked very religiously about righteousness and virtue, the prosecutor deemed him, of course, to be an honourable man, and loaned the money, no doubt considering it a peculiarly safe investment. This pious professor of the Socratic doctrines, however, turned out to be no better than one of the profane; for the lender never heard more of interest or principal; the borrower was found to be one whom his acquaintances avoided, on account of his rapacious habit of devouring loans, so that those who knew him, would rather have ventured their money in a commercial speculation to the dangerous Adriatic, than trust it to his promise to return it with interest; and, in short, he not only thus fleeced friends, but likewise tradesmen, so that there would be often, by dawn, such a crowd of creditors before his door, waiting to catch him, (and, perhaps, serve writs,) before he slipped out, that passers-by supposed, from the assemblage, that there must be a funeral. Grief, no doubt, there was, for few could have ever got anything from one, who seemed—according to the prosecutor—to make it a principle, to regard and use all which he could borrow, as if it were his lawful, hereditary property. The fragment which we have, tells us nothing more about this case, except that the virtuous professor of Socratic doctrines wheedled into matrimony, on account of her money, a poor old woman, so dilapidated, that, according to our orator, you might count her remaining teeth sooner than you could your fingers.

The oration for Mantitheus we should have been glad to notice,

had our space allowed, on account of its manly and noble tone. In our essay we have not pointed out the historical value of Lysias' speeches respecting an interesting period of Athenian history, because Thirlwall and Grote have abundantly used them for that purpose. But we have suggested a subject—Modern Life in Ancient Times—which might be worked out copiously, so as to show the identity of modern and Grecian civilization and morals in numerous points, and to indicate the true reasons for it—to show that "ancient" and "modern" are only relative, and not chronological terms, in reference to intellectual, political, and social development—and, in pointing out the same phenomena in Christendom and Greekdom, to show also the points of difference, and to institute an investigation into their rationale, upon ethnological, moral, religious, and other grounds. Such an interesting task, we commend to our young scholars. The few points which we have indicated from our superficial skimming of Lysias, are but a meagre hint, as to the abundant material in classical literature,

for constructing an Ancient Mirror of Modern Life.

The learned Markland, we may remark in passing, has illustrated the idioms of the New Testament in eighty-odd places from Lysias alone. Bloomfield has employed Thucydides for the same purpose, and no one, who is not a classical Greek scholar, can be competent to understand the dialect of the New Testament.

Physical facts, which those ancients did not know, [Heron, of Alexandria, by-the-way, invented a steam engine and a double-forcing pump for a fire engine,] have been revealed to us in the progress of science; but Thucydides, Aristotle, and Plato, are still the profoundest manuals for the study of statesmen and moralists; the Greek orators still furnish illustrations of the principles of politics and law; Hippocrates is not yet entirely valueless to the physician; and even the candid theologian may find Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus and his commentators, and the books of the Emperor Aurelius, far from unworthy a serious and thoughtful examination.

JOY—[FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]

I.

It flutters round the spring,
The fly, the changing thing,
Long pleased with it, I've been:
Now dark, now glittering,
Like the chameleon seen,
Now red, now blue,
Now blue, now green;
Oh! that with nearer view
I might observe its hue!

II.

It whirrs, it flies, ne'er rests I trow!
Yet there upon the willow tree
It lights, and see I have it now!
And closely can remark its hue,
And lo! a sudden mournful blue—
Dissector of thy joy 'tis thus with thee!

EPISTOLARY GOSSIPINGS OF TRAVEL, AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

NO. XIII.

BEAR HOUSE, — 185—.

"Hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard."

"Fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard."

"His tawny beard, was the equal grace,
Both of his wisdom, and his face."

"Is his head worth a hat, or his chin
worth a beard?"

"I have a beard coming."

"No, by my beard!"

My Dear Paul,—

A recent perusal of the "wonderful story of Blue Beard and his last wife," with all its sanguinary details, brought back forcibly to mind, that serio-comic episode of our peregrinations, when, in an upper apartment of a little inn, in Valletta, we decided, after mature deliberation on the consequences, to improve the complexion of our beards; in other words, to change their hue from light fox, to lively black: this to be effected, by going to bed with a poultice, on our face, of lime, oxyd of lead, and rain water; which ingredients were to do their work while we slept; and we were to have the promise, in the morning, of finding ourselves improved, both in style and appearance.

You, my dear fellow-sufferer, will have no difficulty in recalling to mind, what were the consequences of that rash act. You will remember, whether, in the morning, we saluted each other with faces, on which, not joy, not self-satisfaction, but despair, and disappointed hope, were written; with countenances,

fast bound in an indurated, impervious, impenetrable cement, defying all the appliances of chemical science, at hand, or of ingenuity, to mollify. You will recollect, whether that cement hissed, as in contempt of our impotent endeavors, when we attempted to macerate it by the application of water, and became only the more obstinately set. You will know, whether tears were drawn from our eyes when we pulled at it; whether soap mollified, or grease made any impression on its chemical union; or whether, when we charitably endeavored to pull for each other, and thus obtained a full, realizing sense of our forlornly ridiculous plight, outbursts of laughter would ensue, altogether insuppressible, and we would plead with one another, earnestly, for Heaven's sake to desist, as every movement of the muscles was like the plucking-out of hairs by the roots. In a word, whether, (the question being reduced to the serious alternative, of a clean shave, and sacrifice of our beards—the objects of so much regard—or picking off the mortar,) we kept that little chamber all day long; patiently, and hopefully picking and crumbling the little particles bit by bit; patiently, and hopefully plucking, and wining, and scraping, and rubbing; escaping only, at last, with the almost entire annihilation of a year's growth.

Well, the story of Blue Beard, calling up these reminiscences, they in turn set me to cogitating on the subject of beards in general—and as the question whether those who can "turn out" the article, should

or should not improve the advantage—is just now attracting a considerable share of public attention. I propose condensing a few of these cogitations, which extended over a wide range, and looked at the subject in all its bearings; flattering myself, they will form no unprofitable or unpleasant topic for a little gossip in the way of our winter evenings, with my old friend, in whose company, as I have already entered the extremity of suffering the subject admits of, I may well feel resigned to abide the consequences of any convulsion regarding it, that may transpire in the fashionable world.

As far as ourselves are concerned, I trust we shall be able to arrive at some settled determination, whether firstly, it would be advisable to come out valorously, in despite of public opinion, with the adorning of a full crop of “valor’s excrement,” (as the Swan of Avon poetically styles it,) or whether, secondly, it would be acting more the part of sound discretion, and better subserve the best interests of the beard movement, to keep an eye open to the taste of the times. I esteem it simply superfluous, to ask on which side of the question our predilections would be found.

Let us consider the subject gravely and dispassionately. Should we decide according to the first alternative, I am bold to assert, we have seen too much of the world, been familiar with too many whiskered Turks and bearded Pards, to be frightened out of our purpose, by a few suggestive comparisons, pointed fingers, or even a dash of ridicule from the press, or the sex. Should, mind you, should an inquiry into the matter lead us to infer its consistency with natural laws, comfortableness, becomingness, and general propriety; and that only a *few* of woman kind adored them with a

species of idolatry. No, we should regard all such futile efforts with contempt.

I ought, perhaps, in this place to make the confession, that the trial would not be altogether new to me; having made the attempt some years ago, but under adverse circumstances, the times not being yet ripe for the change. The innovation was looked upon as too bare-faced and contumelious. My plan, at that time, was by a bold dash, and a frown, to startle public sentiment; and this advantage gained, before it could recover, to carry on the attack by brow-beating it into consideration and approval. The plan so well conceived, miscarried, I admit. I had calculated too much on the frown, and left the dash unsupported.

But so it is, my friend, in all disinterested endeavours after the public weal, in all cases of self-sacrifice. The public is ungrateful. Some addle-pated clowns, who have never so much as heard whether there be a *cui bono*, or a *si usus volet*, are ever ready with unseasonable questions, to get up an embarrassment, and to put themselves in the way of any and every attempt at innovation, on what they are pleased to think and call public opinion, established usage, &c., as if the world did not progress.

So it was in my laudable endeavour to carry the fashion by a *coup de main*. Some stupid simpleton had the impudence to call attention, in a public place, to the striking resemblance between my countenance and his terrier’s. Another, still more graceless, inquired with much show of sympathy and simplicity, “how it tasted, to carry around that cat in my mouth all the time?” He “asked for information.” I gave him a Grunter look, indicative of—something, and should have proceeded to demon-

strate what that was, and that it bore certain relations to my boot; but he looked so unaccountably prepared for events, I concluded to leave the matter unsettled for the time being, making a note of it; and to evacuate, *sine die*, the principalities of loafedom.

"But what became of your whiskers, Simon?" I hear you ask. Sacrificed, my friend; victims to the *vox populi*. The idea, you see, haunted me; the idea of one of those tailed and clawed creatures, in such intimate juxtaposition, such frightful proximity. A live quadruped, with teeth and nails, occupying a contiguity of that intimate nature. Waking or sleeping, there it was. Imagination helped to heighten and strengthen the illusion, till I fancied a catastrophe was about to ensue to my nervous system. There was no help for it, sir. I had to succumb. I shaved. The stock of unrequited services is rapidly accumulating. But in spite of all this, I am ready, at any moment, to assume the offensive again.

Let us look a little into the history of the matter. We find the example of all antiquity, even that which is very gray, indisputably committed to whiskers. As all nations, with very rare exceptions, have regarded them as ornamental—a kind of capital to the human column—so, have they ever been looked upon, as a mark of great dignity; as something indicative of lordliness and illustriousness; as something peculiarly befitting the sage, and the badge of wisdom. Where there was an illustrious beard, there must be brains; and *vice versa*. This fact will have weight with you.

In the very dawn of antiquity, the chosen race were forbidden, by Divine command, to molest their beards, "to mar the corners of their beards," and so sacred were they

held to be, that much greater indignation was felt, at being taken by the beard, than pulled by the nose. Is it not, to this day, a mark of infamy, among the Arabs, to suffer the loss of the beard? How strikingly is the veneration in which they were held, illustrated in the case of David's servants, who, when Hanun had shaved off the one-half of their beards, rather than do violence to the other half, retired in great shame to Jericho, until their beards should be grown again. And how touching the affectionate regard felt for them, that they should be selected as the part of the human countenance on which to impress the kiss of esteem; as when Joab kissed the beard of Amasa.

Numberless other instances might be adduced, in proof of the estimation in which it was held in those sensible old times, when it was looked upon and revered as the badge of veneration, and the very "seat of honor." And I may here remark, in a parenthesis, that nothing, to my mind, more clearly demonstrates the degeneracy of modern times, than the almost universal assent to the degradation of that quality to a less lofty location.

Listen now to Armado: "It will please his grace sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio." Lucian speaks of a learned sage, who was disqualified for a Professorship in Philosophy, on account of the shortness of his beard. In these days, and in our country, the disqualification would come, not from the shortness, but the slightest semblance of a pair of whiskers.

What, says the venerable Gobbo, with parental pride and solicitude? "Lord, what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse has on his tail." An important

testimony, going to show the heaviness of beards in those days. According to Ælian, Zoilus the critic, regarding each individual hair of his head, as a sucker, or parasite, diverting some needful nourishment away from his whiskers, made a diversion on his head in favor of his beard, and kept the former ever close shaven.

We are, also, not wanting in the approval and example of the gods themselves, to keep us in countenance; for we read in the books, of "the beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars," from which it is fair to infer, that Jupiter himself, and all his cabinet, wore them, since it is not to be supposed, that the Celestial Secretary of War would indulge in a fashion not approved of at Court. In a word, all history is replete with testimony, going to establish the universality of the addiction of mankind to this peculiarly imposing appendage.

I have observed that those who most strenuously oppose the movement in these days, draw their arguments mainly from prejudice, engendered of habit and education, spiced always with ridicule, which is no logic. Of this class are apt to be old maids and spinsters, who, from long habit, must always enjoy their paroxysm of fluttering, whenever brought into accidental proximity to a pair of whiskers, however beautiful and well trimmed. But these parties fail to establish its bad taste, since the most polished nations of ancient and modern times, have pronounced to the contrary. They cannot argue against its conformity to the designs of nature, since their own unmolested faces step in to disprove their reasoning. Verily then, they are found waging war against that nature by whom the beard was planted as a characteristic on the face of man; that nature doing nought in vain, and

economical to parsimony, in the bestowal of her favors. I submit to you, whether such opposers would not show more consistency with their principles, by carrying their zeal from their chins to their scalps, as did the consistent Zoilus, and making clean work of it; for the hair was bestowed for no more useful end than the beard.

Momentous changes have taken place in ideas, affecting very sensibly our good looks, and as some learned physiologists maintain, the healthful and vigorous development of our mental faculties, (of which affliction the fair sex must, of necessity, feel the effects,) since that sensible Queen, Eleanor, of blessed memory, broke in sunder the *vinculum matrimonii*, and faltered not over the *separatio a thoro et mensa*. And for what? Because her royal husband had shaved himself. There was a strong-minded woman! Penetrated with unaffected mortification, shocked to death, with the contemptible figure he cut, "all shaven and shorn," she revenged herself on him, she devoted him to something dreadful, Potter, which those husbands may perhaps divine the nature of, whose wives do at times rebel. History affirms, that divorce ensued, and her reünion to a bearded husband. Fierce wars followed, raging with various success, but unrelenting animosity, for three hundred years. A beard was worth something in those days, Paul, when one's wife would thus become its champion.

Now, with this considerate conduct on the part of Queen Eleanor, compare the opinion of Leonato's niece. She says, with much apparent squeamishness, "Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen!" This remark of hers has ever exercised a vast influence with the sex, and one anything but fa-

vourable to the cause of whiskers; though somewhat qualified a little further on, where she says, "He that hath no beard, is less than a man." Scholars have never been able to agree upon the true grounds of her preference for the woollen, over whiskers; or what might, in her mind, have been the relations between them. But the fair ones take it for granted she had her reasons, and knew something queer about the latter, which, though she did not see fit to divulge, was none the less grave and significant; and hence they always refer to the matter with an air of mystery. Ask any young woman what she supposes could have been the reason for preferring woollen to whiskers, and note what will be her answer. My own opinion is, she felt ticklish about the matter.

Every effort, my Paul, should be made, to eradicate, from their gentle minds the seeds of false impressions, left there by the remark of that rollicking young lady; and simply because nothing can be done effectually, in the cause, without their coöperation and countenance: and again, because the question assumes to them an importance that is vital; their future happiness is at stake. In the youths about them, they behold their future husbands and lovers. What an interest ought they then not to feel in a subject, which, in addition to an ordinary man, guarantees them a splendid pair of mustachios?

I am living, Potter, in hope. I see, in anticipation, that happy day, when sweethearts and wives shall sit down contentedly and contem-

plate, with pride, and a certain satisfaction, our flowing beards. When they will even go to the length of Queen Eleanor, in reprisals for its loss or damage. The day is gained. I say it confidently, the day is ours, when those gentle creatures shall have been once convinced, how much sweeter, more voluminous, tender, tickling, in a word, more comprehensive, is a kiss from a manly mustachioed lip, than one administered by an excoriating polisher, imminent with barbarous bristles.

In consideration of this fact, my dear Paul, let every bearded man kiss much, kiss often, kiss all he can, kiss tenderly, that this conviction may grow apace with the fair ones.

I cannot now speak of color, cut, or quality, as bearing on beards; nor of the late discoveries in physiology, demonstrating their beneficial purpose; neither can we enter into a formal disquisition, as to the probable modifications of taste and opinion, likely to follow the advent of the "Bearded Lady."

I hear you already exclaiming, with our sea-faring friend, "*jam satis*." I am content. I hope I have said enough to convince you of the propriety of *coming out* at once. Let me only remark, in conclusion, that such are some of the reflections suggested by the perusal of the "wonderful story of Blue Beard and his last wife." Tell me, my Paul, should hereafter, one hair grow where none grew before, will I have read that excellent primer in vain?

As ever, your friend,
SIMON GRUNTER.

NUMBER XIV.

MAGNOLIA CABIN, Ala., 185—. *My Dear Simon,*—

Your punctuality puts me out of countenance, whilst your chapter on whiskers keeps me in countenance. I sit myself down, therefore, "*sub tegmine magnoliæ*," to reply to you, without, however, the shadow of an idea to darken the vacant chambers of my brain, or one "whisper of fancy," to enliven the sterile regions of my imagination. Expect little, therefore, O Simon, and you will not be disappointed.

Your discourse on whiskers deserves to be chronicled by the side of Slawkenbergius on noses, and will make a very appropriate pendant to the effusion of that worthy. But, why, *amigo mio*, this chapter? Have you succumbed to the razor? Do those curly pets of yours, of nondescript colour, no longer adorn the facial prolongation? And has the *hirsutum supercilium* fallen before the sharp scythe of the reaper? Ah! recreant! can I believe that you have eschewed whiskers, abandoned your imperial, and trodden under foot a moustache, which, in dogged independence of each individual hair, might have done honour to the lip of that obstinate old Ney himself, when he declared, "I am the rear-guard of the French army?" Oh! Simon Simon! clean-shaved, unadorned Simon! I grieve as the patriarch, David, of old, grieved over an affliction relating to a similar cause; and cannot but think of the pathetic language of the stricken palmist, as I exclaim, "Oh! Simon, Simon! would that I had never *dyed* with thee!"

As an additional chapter to your

dissertation, pray portray the "miseries of shaving." What a suggestive title! Everybody, at least, every male body would sympathize with the mere title; and I am not sure that it would not touch, here and there, a responsive chord in the female breast—not that I mean to hint, even in the remotest degree, that any lady ever shaves, or gets shaved—but then somebody *must* furnish hot water! Cooks and chamber-maids would read and listen with satisfaction; and if the thing were enlivened with a few touches of nature, traits from the life, wouldn't Betty, at the Red Lion, recognize the limning? She who has curtsied her way so often into your chamber with the steaming pitcher?—who has seen performers of the razor in all attitudes, and knows the masculine heart, with a razor in its hand, in its most occult phases? That touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin, would seldom find a more attentive, more sympathizing, or more numerous audience, than when it addressed itself to the disciples and attendants of the razor.

Then, the "razor-strop man" would claim his share of attention; in fact, would almost necessitate a chapter to himself—so funny and ubiquitous is he. You could convulse not only Betty, but her mistress, with anecdote upon anecdote of him, and his queer sayings and doings. Verily, I know of no subject fitter to engage the energies of a lively pen.

Musing over the subject you have broached—and I may add ably handled—I was led to generalize on the progress of the whisker, and

its various periods of existence, and have classified them in what I shall call their "Seven Ages."

The *first age* would be, of course, the baby-hood of the whisker, and might be styled the *infantile* period. Not much can be said of it at this early stage—its features being as difficult to trace, and to preserve, as those of its prototype, the baby. The population of hairs is now sparse and scattering; and its colour as discouraging, as its prospects as a whisker are feeble. If the cheek were federal territory, and the individual hairs voters, according to their relative proximity, free-soil would certainly be declared triumphant. But there is a good time a-coming.

The next age might be styled the *first crop*. The whisker has deepened in color, and progressed towards maturity. There is a tolerable *stand*, as the planters say of cotton and corn, and the barber can now trim it; and, with a delicate pair of irons, he can even get a turn in it without positively bringing tears to the eyes of the patient. This is a great time in the life of the whisker; its girl-hood, in fact, when the fear and anxiety of the first stage are merged in a certainty of success, and the young imagination riots over the anticipation of a glorious future for the delicate creature of its culture. Still, the whisker has, as yet, rather promised than fulfilled; and a certain fear accompanies every invasion of the barber, lest his incautious hand should remove what might never return. The youth is still a lover, and the whisker a *fiancée*, who may disappear, and leave him to loneliness and sighs.

In the *third age*, the whisker has attained its growth, and is lured into a voluminous fold close to the ear, and shines with oil and culture. This is the hey-day of its

prosperity, and the era of its empire. It is now the chief possession of its owner, the "immediate jewel of his soul;" and he frequently sleeps on his back, undauntedly encountering the horrors of the nightmare, rather than to flatten, by careless pressure, one glossy hair. It is a freehold; and may be curled, and clipped, and trimmed, and even shaved off, without a tremor; he *knows* it will come back. He is no longer a lover, but a groom in secure possession, and satisfied with his prize. No *habeas corpus* of nature can deprive him of his bride—his dual bride.

In the *fourth age*, the whisker adapts itself to the fancies of its owner, and its lines follow their meanderings. Bristling with his "big thoughts, that make ambition virtue," it assumes, perhaps, the form of the military whisker, and is limited in its extent "by a line drawn from the tip of the ear to the corner of the mouth." It is close-trimmed, and becomes the adjunct and the follower, where it was late the idol of its master. The honey-moon is over. Though still an ornament, it is fashioned to indicate the will, no longer the worship, of its possessor.

The *fifth age* sees the whisker reduced to an article of comfort and convenience. It spreads over the face to hide it from the scorching sun, and nestles about the neck, to keep off catarrh. The bride of other days has become a part of the furniture—still decently cared for—of the master's household. It is caressed, as a matter of habit, and adjusted, not with delicate brush and sweet-smelling unguents, but with the coarse end of his comb and soap suds.

The empire of the whisker, for some time visibly on the decline, is, in the *sixth age*, at an end. Gray hairs speckle the glossy black of

the once dainty curls, which now, like stragglers weary of their company, disperse to every point of the compass; the nice line of adjustment forgotten, and the swelling curve of their array dishonoured by the rude and careless hand of the master. The cherisher of its babyhood, the lover of its girl-hood, the groom of its honey-moon, has ceased to fashion and to caress. Alas! alas! If, at intervals, a reminiscence of the forgotten days steals over his mind, and an effort is made to arrest the decline of its charms, by the application of Twigg's restorer, it is a fitful memory, and dies in disappointment.

In the *seventh age*, the whisker has long ceased to struggle with calamity. That "worst infirmity" of all, the absence of even the desire to retard its demise, has overtaken it; and a few long, downcast, straggling white hairs, that still cling to the home of their youth, alone attest the *locale* of a power once an empire. Such is the life of a whisker.

Busied with these thoughts, my mind reverted to the various styles and sizes of whiskers I had seen; and I came to a quiet conclusion, that I never had seen but one real, downright obtrusive pair. All others may fade from my memory, but that one never can. I think we looked at them across the dinner-table at the Kur-Saal, at Wiesbaden. The whiskers sat opposite, and may, without exaggeration, be described in general terms as "tremendous." How they came to that size, will be a matter of perpetual speculation with me. Doubtless, the soil on which they grew, and still grow, (natural history forbid that they should have exhausted it, and run to seed!) was of the rank-est kind, and the various bear's oils and Macassar manures, agriculturally speaking, must have been lib-

erally applied. But whatever was the cause of the remarkable growth, the effect was before, nay, all around me. The whiskers pervaded the whole table. I could look nowhere, that I did not see the huge forest of hair; and when from amidst the inmost depths sounds issued, it seemed a faint cry from the recesses of a dense wood or jungle. Now and then, motion was observed, which stirred the surface as winds do a wilderness. How soup ever found its way there is an open question; probably, as rains attain the recesses of wooded ravines, by chance and the accidents of the ground. When the head moved, the effect was a gentle breeze, and a brisk movement among the flies of the neighbourhood. No nose appeared anywhere amid that hairy maze; and yet, there might have been a good-sized one somewhere behind. Even Mrs. Pholonthogos' proboscis could scarcely have made a faint appearance at the surface.

Now, my dear Grunter, those were objectionable whiskers. Almost everybody thought so, at first sight, and without reflection on the subject. And yet, there were young ladies at that table, who cast "sheep's eyes" at them. I am fully of your opinion, that in the matter of whiskers, much will depend on the stand the sex takes; and I am well persuaded that when they take such things in hand, a happy effect will ensue. But the young ladies, who looked with favour at those whiskers, I feel inclined to regard with suspicion. While I am willing to allow the widest interpretation to the motto, "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," I hold, that there is a limit somewhere to the application of even that charitable dictum; for, it must be clear to the apprehension of every reflecting mind, that there are *some* things about which there is no disputing

and wherein people's tastes must be hedged, "cribbed, cabined and confined." As, for example, if I have a taste for a pair of pouting lips, which belong to my neighbour's wife. And, therefore, I am positive, that the taste of those young ladies was, to use no harsher epithet, perverted, and ought to have been carefully revised, if not corrected, by their supervising mammas. There *are* such things as "loves" of whiskers, (and I do not intend to flatter you, Simon, when I say, that the razor that clipped yours, destroyed a very pretty pair, bating a trifle in colour and quantity,) whiskers which may be cherished with pride, and sported without ostentation—whiskers which a civilized nation may encourage, without endangering its institutions—whiskers which may be introduced into the most private circles,

without a shadow of fear for the consequences—such whiskers have been, and may again be—they have been grown, cultivated, trained, admired, and, after a brief, but eminent career, disappeared, without a blemish, from the society which they adorned; and, I repeat it, they may again be. For such whiskers, I shall always hope and expect the support of the sex. But I know and trust, that their better natures will frown down the *desperate* kind above-described; and that those of them who persist in regarding with favour such enormous growths will receive little encouragement in the exercise of their depraved, or, at least, false tastes.

The subject is not exhausted, Simon, but my limits compel me to say, adieu. Your friend,

PAUL.

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

"Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms
divide ?

O'er the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall ?
No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, nor mountains dark
and tall

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's
land from Gaul.

But these between, a silver streamlet
glides,

And scarce a name distinguisheth the
brook ;

Though rival kingdoms press its verdant
sides,

Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth
look,

That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen
flow,

For proud each peasant as the noblest
duke ;

Well doth the Spanish hind the differ-
ence know

"Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest
of the low."

—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

The next morning early a numerous party issued from the eastern gate of Elvas. The descending road led them between groves of olives, whose sad colored foliage was relieved by the bright hues of the almond tree, clothed with pink blossoms, the scarlet flowering pomegranate, the dark, rich green of the orange tree, already spangled over with small white blossoms, yet still laden with its golden fruit, and the prune trees of Elvas, favourites through the world, leafless as yet, but conspicuous by the cloud of white flowerets which covered them. The roofs of the suburban quintas showed themselves here and there above the orchards, and by the roadside the *iris aluta* bloomed on every bank.

The air is balmy, the scene lovely, and all nature smiling with the sweet promises of Spring. Is this the goddess Flora leading down a joyous train to the fields below ? It is only Lady Mabel cantering somewhat recklessly down hill. When she reached the more level ground, she so far out-rode the ladies of her party, who were mounted on mules, that, tired of loitering for them to come up, she proposed to L'Isle, who had kept by her side, to employ their leisure in ascending the bare hill on their left, to examine the old tower, that stood solitary and conspicuous on its top. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed nearer than it was, and the broken ground compelled them to make a circuit, before they reached it. Hence they looked down upon their friends, crawling at a snail's pace, along the road to Badajoz. They rode round the weather-beaten, ruinous tower. It was square, with only one small entrance, many feet above the ground, and leading into a small room amidst the thick walls.

"What could this have been built for ?" Lady Mabel asked.

"It is one of those watch-towers called *atalaias*," answered L'Isle. "Many of them are scattered along the heights on the border. They are memorials of an age in which one of the people's chief occupations was watching against the approach of their neighbours."

"Stirring times, those," said Lady Mabel. "People could not then complain that their vigilance was lulled to sleep by too great security,

but this is, perhaps, a more comfortable age."

"To us, in our island home," said L'Isle. "The improvement is more doubtful here. There was a time when your forefathers and mine thus kept watch against each other, when our own border hills were crowned with similar watch-towers; but never did any country continue so long a debatable land, and need, for so many centuries, the watch-tower and the signal fire on its hills, as this peninsula during the slow process of its redemption from the crescent to the cross."

"From this point," said Lady Mabel, "Elvas and Badajoz look like two giant champions facing each other, in arms, each, for the defence of his own border, yet one does not see here any of those great natural barriers that should divide nations."

"They are wanting, not only here," said L'Isle, "but on other parts of the frontier. The great rivers, the Duoro, the Tagus and the Guadiana, and the mountain chains separating their valleys, instead of dividing the two kingdoms, run into Portugal from Spain. The division of these countries is not natural, but accidental; and in spite of some points of contrast, the Portuguese are almost as much like the Spaniards, as these last are like each other—for Spain is in truth a variety of countries, the Spaniards a variety of nations."

"At length, however," said she, "Spain and Portugal are united in one cause."

"Yet the Portuguese still hates the Spaniard," said L'Isle, "and the Spaniard contemns the Portuguese."

"And we despise both," said Lady Mabel.

"Perhaps unjustly," said he.

"Why, to look no further into their short-comings and back-slidings, to use Moodie's terms, have

they not signally failed in the first duty of a nation, defending itself?"

"Remember the combination of fatalities that beset them," said L'Isle, "and the atrocious perfidy that aggravated their misfortunes. Both countries were left suddenly without rulers, distracted by a score of contending *juntas*, to resist a great nation, under a government of matchless energy, the most perfectly organized for the attainment of its object, which is not the good of its subjects, but solely the development, to the uttermost, of its military power. They at once sunk before it, showing us how completely the vices of governments, and yet more, the sudden absence of all government, can paralyze a nation. But they have since somewhat redeemed their reputation, by many an example of heroism."

"Why did not the nation, as one man, imitate the heroes of Sarra-gossa and Gerona, and wage, like them, war to the knife's point against the infidel and murderous horde of invaders?" exclaimed Lady Mabel, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, that would have become Augustina Sarra-gossa herself.

"Because every man is not a hero, nor in a position to play a hero's part. Spain was betrayed and surprised. The invaders came in the guise of friends, under the faith of treaties, by which the flower of the Spanish army had been marched into remote parts of Europe as allies to the French; nor was the mask thrown off until long after it was useless to wear it."

"Did the world ever before witness such complicated perfidy?"

"Perhaps not. But I trust it is about to witness its failure and punishment."

"We and the Czar will have to administer it," said Lady Mabel, with the air of an arbitress of nations.

"We cannot look for much help from our besotted allies here."

"It must be confessed," said L'Isle, "that an unhappy fatality in council and in action, has beset the Portugese and Spaniards, throughout the war. They have too often shown their patriotism by murdering their generals, underrating their enemies and slighting their friends. They have, too, attained the very acme of blundering; doing the wrong thing at the wrong time and choosing the wrong man to do it."

"Say no more," exclaimed Lady Mabel. "If that is the verdict you find against our allies, I will not accuse you of blindness to their faults. They are unworthy of the lovely and romantic land they live in," she added, gazing on the scene before her. "What beautiful mountain is that which trenches so close upon the border, as if it would join itself to the Serra de Portalegre?"

"It is the mountain of Albuquerque, so called from a town at its foot."

"That was the title of the Spanish duke, who died lately in London," Lady Mabel remarked.

"And in one sense the most unfortunate Spaniard of our day," added L'Isle. "Of the highest rank among subjects, uniting in his person names famous in Spanish history; he was brave and patriotic, and though still young, one of the few Spanish leaders whose enterprise did not lead to disaster. But the Supreme Junta, in its jealousy, would never entrust him with any but subordinate commands, subjecting him to the orders of Castanos, Cuesta, and other inefficient leaders, whose blunders his good conduct often covered. When, at length, Andalusia was lost by the folly and cowardice of others, he only had his wits about him, and by a speedy march saved Cadiz. The rabid

democrats of the city repaid him with ingratitude and insults, which drove him into exile; and, denied the privilege of falling in defence of his country, he died broken-hearted in a foreign land."

"Are these people worth fighting for?" exclaimed Lady Mabel, indignantly, reining back her horse, as if about to abandon her Spanish allies to their own folly.

"Perhaps not," said L'Isle, "if we were not also fighting for ourselves. Spain is a convenient field on which to drub the French. But it is time to follow our party."

They now left the hill and getting back into the road, galloped after their friends, but did not overtake them until they had reached the little river Cayo, which here divides Portugal from Spain. The ladies, on their mules, were grouped together in doubt and hesitation on this bank, while several of the gentlemen were riding about in the water, searching for holes in the bed of the stream, which was swollen and turbid from the late rains.

"You hesitate too long to pass the Rubicon," said Lady Mabel, "just let me tuck up the skirt of my riding dress, from the muddy waters, and I will lead you over into Spain."

She was soon on the other bank, and her companions followed her. The road now led them across a sandy plain, which, treeless and desolate, contrasted strikingly with the fertility and cultivation around Elvas.

* * * * *

Fort San Christoval, on this side of the Guadiana, rose higher and higher before them. Gazing on Badajoz and its castle on the other side of the river, L'Isle thought of the failures before it, and of the price in blood at which it had been bought at last. "We are not always successful in our sieges—at

times undertaking them rashly, without the means of carrying them on. The sabre and bayonet, unaided, take few walled towns. They need the help of Cranfield's art, and he cannot work without his tools."

"But we always beat the French in the field," said Lady Mabel.

"Always," said L'Isle. "There has been no instance of a real English army being beaten by a French one."

"None of late years," said Lady Mabel. "To find a victory over us they have to go as far back in the last century as Fontenoy."

"That is not a fair instance," said L'Isle eagerly. "We lost that battle chiefly through the backwardness of our Dutch allies; and Marshal Saxe, who was no Frenchman, but a German, beat us chiefly by the aid of the valour of the Irish regiments in the French pay."

"That alters the case," said Lady Mabel, "but were we not beaten some years before that, at Almansa, here in Spain?"

"That instance is still more unfair," exclaimed L'Isle. "Our Peninsular allies ran away, while we fought their battle. Still, though the enemy were two to our one, the result might have been different. But the French had an English General, the Duke of Berwick, to win the battle for them, and we had a French commander, DeRuvigny, whom Dutch William had made Earl of Galway, to lose it for us."

"Then after all," exclaimed Lady Mabel, "the Englishman won the field."

"Yes, to our cost," said L'Isle bitterly. "What made it more provoking was, that we had at that very time the man to mate him;" and standing up on his stirrups, he raised his clenched hand above his head, exclaiming: "O, for one hour

of Peterborough to grapple with his countryman and retrieve the day!"

"What is the matter with Col. L'Isle?" asked Mrs. Shortridge, who was riding close behind with Cranfield.

"He is only leaping back to the beginning of the last century," answered Lady Mabel, "to reverse the issue of the battle of Almansa."

"Why, has not the Colonel fighting enough before him," said Cranfield, laughing, "that he must go back so far for more?"

"Let us be content with what we have," said L'Isle, joining in the laugh. "It is useless to dwell on old disasters, but, by way of shunning new ones. It has been our constant luck to go into battle, shoulder to shoulder, with allies, who, except, when in our pay, seldom stand by us to the end of the day."

The river was now at hand. Turning to the right before reaching San Christoval, they entered the *tete du pont*, and soon found themselves on a noble granite bridge of many arches. The voices of many singers drew their eyes to the banks of the river, where they saw all the washerwomen of the city, collected in pursuit of their calling, and lightening their labours with song, the burden of which, "Gaudiana, Gaudiana," fell often on the ear, while the sun-beams bleached the linen spread out on the banks of the stream, and tanned the faces of the industrious choir chanting its praise.

"This, then, is the Gaudiana!" said Lady Mabel, peeping over the parapet. "I feel bound to admire its broad face, but miss the swift current and pellucid waters of the poetasters, to whose bounties the river god owes much of his fame."

"While you and our party loiter here, searching out the beauties of the Gaudiana," said L'Isle, "I will

ride on and secure our peaceful reception at the gate. A Spanish sentinel is often asleep, and apt to prove his vigilance by firing on whoever wakes him up."

Presently following L'Isle, who luckily found the sentinel awake, they reached the southern end of the bridge, and passing between two beautiful round towers of white marble, now tinted straw-color with age, they entered the northern gate of the city, and soon sought hospitality at the *Pasado de los Cualleros*.

Putting up their horses here, they left the servants to see that a dinner was got ready; this meal, at a Spanish inn, depending less on what you find there than on what you bring with you. Three Spanish officers were lounging at the *posada*, one of whom immediately claimed Cranfield's acquaintance, and introduced his companions. Cranfield did not seem delighted to meet with him, nevertheless he presented them to the whole party with studied politeness. Don Alonso Melendez, with a handsome person, a swaggering air and a costume more foppish than military, looked more like a *majo* of Seville, than a soldier and a gentleman. His companions had much the advantage of him there, but he beat them hollow in assurance. Learning that curiosity alone had brought them to Badajoz, he at once took the post of guide. Finding Lady Mabel knew enough of Spanish to make a good listener, he placed himself by her side. Cranfield escorted her on the other, and thus they walked forth. L'Isle, thrust into the background, accompanied Mrs. Shortridge and the rest of the party.

As they drew near the works, many marks of injury and devastation on the adjacent houses, brought the late siege prominently to their

minds. Don Alonso Melendez at once began to discourse grandiloquently on the subject. His narrative was so copious and inaccurate, that Cranfield soon lost all patience, and found it hard to keep from interrupting and contradicting him. Lady Mabel detecting this, encouraged the Spaniard to the uttermost by displaying wrapt attention, and full faith in his glowing narrative.

"I never before heard," said she to Cranfield, "so graphic an account of the siege and storming of Badajoz."

"If our friend here talks about it much longer," said Cranfield, "he will forget that we had anything to do with it. The siege was, however, in one sense, the work of the Spaniards. If the traitor Imaz had not sold it to Soult for a mule load of coin, we would not have had to buy it back at the cost of so many thousands of lives. Nor were any of them Spanish lives," he added bitterly, "though some were Portuguese; for the only Spaniards at the siege were the renegados who aided Phillipon and his Frenchmen to keep us out."

"Every Spaniard is not traitor or coward," said L'Isle from behind. "If the brave governor Menacho had not been killed in defending the place, his successor Imaz could not have sold it a few days after to the French."

As they strolled along the ramparts, Don Alonso, with a strange forgetfulness of events within the year, lauded the impregnable strength of the works, as if Badajoz were still a virgin fortress. Cranfield, by way of rebuking him, pointed out to Lady Mabel the restorations he had made of the breached walls. She replied that "the patchwork character of his repairs were but too evident, as he had invariably omitted to use materials of the

same colour with the original works."

As they rambled through the city, Don Alonso failed not to point out the superior size and style of the buildings, over those of Elvas, and Lady Mabel remarked that "in cleanliness, too, it far surpassed its neighbour." Leading them to the cathedral, their guide compelled them to inspect minutely this heavy and cumbersome building, while he eulogized it in terms that might have been suitable to St. Peter's, at Rome. "I am sorry," said he, "you cannot see it in all its splendour; but the gorgeous furniture of the altar and the rich ornaments of the shrines are not now exhibited."

"Why not?" asked Lady Mabel.

"In these troubled, sacrilegious times, the clergy think it best not to display the wealth of the church."

"They would find it difficult to display anything but tinsel," said Cranfield: "it is two years since the golden crucifix, the silver candlesticks and the saintly jewelry mounted on horse-back and travelled into France."

"But the saints," said L'Isle, "knowing that the air of France would not agree with them, wisely staid behind."

As they were coming out of the Cathedral, Mrs. Shortridge asked L'Isle the meaning of the words on a tablet near them—"Oy se saca animas."

"They give us notice," said L'Isle, "that to-day souls are released from Purgatory. But surely the notice is incomplete, not specifying whose souls they are. Their friends may go on spending money in Masses for them after they are in Paradise."

Walking up the sloping street that leads to the castle, they found this Moorish edifice in a shattered condition, a few towers only standing whole amidst the ruins. From one of these, looking northward

across the river which ran three hundred feet below them, they saw the strong fort of San Christoval towering above them, while they, in turn, overlooked the city, and beyond its walls the plain to the south, not long since covered with vineyards and olive groves, and the picturesque villas of the richer citizens of Badajoz—now its bare surface was furrowed with trenches, ridged with field works, and spotted over with ruins. The devastating blast of war had left it the picture of desolation.

Lady Mabel turning to ask L'Isle a question, saw him gazing gloomily down into the deep but dry fosse below them.

"What fixes your attention on that spot?" she asked.

"Do you see where the earth, shows, by its colour differing from the adjacent soil, that it has been turned up not long since? Thousands of Britons, Portuguese and French are buried there. They met but to contend, yet now lie peaceably together—I have more than one friend among them."

Mrs. Shortridge put her hand before her eyes, and Lady Mabel turned pale as she gazed earnestly below—"come" she said at length, "we have seen enough of bloody Badajoz. There are some feelings that may well kill the idle curiosity that led us hither."

* * * * *

They now returned to the pasada and had their Spanish friends to dine with them—Lady Mabel seating Don Alonso beside her, and losing not a word of his grandiloquence. After the meal the party dispersed—most of them taking a siesta in order to get rid of two or three hot hours of the afternoon before they set out on their way back to Elvas. Their Spanish friends however, returned and persuaded them to postpone their ride until

they had taken an evening promenade on the bridge, the favourite resort of the ladies of Badajoz and their cavaliers during the hot weather. Here they enjoy an extended prospect, and the cooling breezes that attend the current of a great river.

They found here many of the first people of Badajoz and many of the Spanish officers and their fair friends. Leaning against the parapet of the bridge, Lady Mabel forgot the idlers walking by, while she gazed on the scenery around, or watched the gliding stream below, and listened to L'Isle speaking of the Guadiana, the noted places on its banks, and quoting many a ballad of which it was the theme. Presently, finding themselves almost alone they followed their companions, to the bridge head, and joined the large company assembled in this outwork. The Spanish officers had provided music for their entertainment, and oranges and confectionary were handed about. Of the latter, the Spanish and Portuguese ladies, according to national habits, eat a great quantity. After a pause the musicians struck up a lively seguidilla, the gentlemen secured partners, Lady Mabel declining a dozen applications, and with difficulty ridding herself of Don Alonso, who could not understand how a lady who delighted so much in his conversation could refuse to dance with him.

The level space within this outwork was now crowded with couples, the Portuguese ladies entering fully into the spirit of the hour. Mrs. Shortridge and Lady Mabel stood aside with L'Isle and had the pleasure of witnessing a genuine *impromptu* Spanish ball in the open air. They were at once struck with the sudden gaiety and activity of a people habitually so grave

and inert. But as one dance followed another, the vivacity of the party increased. Many of the officers and some of their fair friends were from Andalusia, where music and the castinets are never heard in vain. Presently the tune was changed, and the excited dancers slid over into the fandango and volero, danced out to the life in so demonstrative, voluptuous and seducing a style that Mrs. Shortridge declared such exhibitions abominable, and that they should be prohibited by law; while Lady Mabel shrinkingly looked on in bewildered astonishment. She had herself danced many a time, though not as often as she wished; but such dancing she had never dreamed of before.

At this moment the sun set, and the bells of the churches and convents across the water gave the signal for repeating the evening prayer to the Virgin. In an instant the gay crowd was arrested as if by magic. The music ceased; the dancers stood still; the women veiled their faces with their fans; the men took off their hats; and all breathed out or seemed to breathe a prayer to the protecting power who had brought them to the close of another day—all but the English officers who, mingled with the devout dancers, stood looking like profane fools caught without a prayer for the occasion. After a short solemn pause, the men put on their hats, the women uncovered their faces, the music again struck up, and the throng glided off into gaiety and revelry as before.

"I would not have lost this for any thing," Lady Mabel exclaimed. "It is so sudden and extraordinary a transition from the wild abandonment of revelry to absorbing devotion and back again to the revels. Without seeing it, I could not have imagined it. I have before witnessed

and, at times, been impressed with this solemn call to the evening prayer, misdirected though it be. But here the effect is utterly ridiculous, to say the least."

"This may give you an insight into the Spanish character on more than one point," said L'Isle. "As to their love of dancing, and of the fandango in particular, it is said, though I do not vouch for it, that the Church of Rome, scandalized that a country so renowned for the purity of its faith, had not long ago proscribed so profane a dance, resolved to pronounce the solemn condemnation of it. A consistory assembled; the prosecution of the fandango was begun according to rule, and a sentence was about to be thundered against it. But there was a wise Spanish prelate present who knew his countrymen, and dreaded a schism, should they be driven to choose between the fandango and the faith. He stepped forward and objected to the criminal's being condemned without being heard.

The observation had weight with the assembly. He was allowed to produce before them a *majo* and a *maja* of Seville, who, to the sound of voluptuous music, displayed all the seductive graces of the dance. The severity of the judges was not proof against the exhibition. Their austere countenances began to relax; they rose from their seats; their legs and arms soon found their former suppleness; the consistory-hall was changed into a dancing room, and the fandango acquitted."

Both ladies laughed heartily at this story, and L'Isle went on to say: "In spite of the exhibition before us, these people, in their serious hours, retain all the gravity and ceremonious stateliness in language and manner of their forefathers, in the time of Charles the

Fifth and his glooming son, when the Spaniard was the admiration and dread of Europe."

"I have been told," said Lady Mabel, "that you may, at this day, find many a Spaniard who might sit for the portrait of Alva himself."

"Yes," answered L'Isle, "It has been well said that the Spaniard of the sixteenth century has vanished, but his mask remains."

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Twilight was now failing them and the party from Elvas hastened back to the posada. The horses had been brought out, and some of the ladies were already mounted, when Don Alonso Melendez came hastily up, having followed them to take a ceremonious leave. His parting words with his new friends, and especially his compliments to Lady Mabel, who did not allow herself to remain in his debt, delayed them some time. As they rode off he waved his hat, and called out: "*Con todo el mundo guerra, y paz con Inglaterra!*"

"We taught them that proverb long ago," said Cranfield "by taking their galleons laden with plate from the New World."

"The Spaniard has a treasury of wisdom locked up in his proverbs," said L'Isle. "What a pity it is he will not take some of it out to meet the current demands on him."

They soon again crossed the bridge, and entered the *tete du point*—but the dancers had vanished; their music was hushed; nor was its place supplied by the song of the morning. The chorus of "Guadiana—Guadiana," no longer rose from its banks. All was still, dark and desolate before them.

Meanwhile, Lord Strathern, though not given to over caution, was seized, as night drew on, with a sudden nervousness, at *Ma Belle's* taking a night ride across the border of two such unsettled countries,

infested with patriotic guerrillas, who sometimes mistook friends for foes. He entertained—in fact, cultivated—an unfavourable opinion of his neighbors, the Spanish garrison of Badajoz. He laid at their door every outrage perpetrated in the country around.—The party from Elvas would afford a rich booty in purses, watches and jewelry; and he thought it quite possible that after some of their allies had entertained them in Badajoz, with ostentatious hospitality, others might waylay, rob and murder them before, or soon after they crossed the frontier. So, he hastily ordered Major Conway to send out a patrol of dragoons to meet them; and the Major sent off Lieut. Goring in a hurry on this service.

Now, Goring had passed the day chafing with indignation at hearing of the pleasant party, which he had not been asked to join; and his anger was not soothed by being despatched to meet it, at a late hour, when all the pleasure was over. Galloping on in this mood, with a dozen or more dragoons, behind him, he came to the Cayo; and after taking a look at the dark current, was about to cross, when he heard the sound of horses' feet, and the clattering of tongues drawing near on the other side. In the spirit of mischief, he followed the impulse of the moment. He ordered his men to form on the edge of the water, fronting the ford, to unbuckle their cloaks and throw them over their helmets, and not to move or speak a word. The men took the joke instantly. The crescent moon, already distanced by the sun, was sinking below the horizon; the bank of the river threw its shade over them, and they stood below a dark, undistinguishable mass.

Presently the party came strag-

gling up, Dona Carlotta and her cavalier leading them, and feeling their way down to the water.

"This cannot be the ford," said he; "the bank looks too steep on the other side."

"What is that black object across the water?" asked Cranfield, from behind. "Can the river have risen and the bank caved in?"

"It has too regular an outline for that," said L'Isle, who had now come up, and was trying to peer through the darkness. "Do you not hear the stamping of a horse across the water?"

"And a clattering round?" said Cranfield, as a dragoon's sword struck against a neighbouring stirrup.

"Lady Mabel," said L'Isle, eagerly, (she had pressed close up beside him,) "Pray ride back a little way, and take the ladies with you."

"I will, but what is the matter?"

"The road seems to be occupied. But go at once, and take them with you."

"I wish it were daylight!" said she, trying to laugh off her trepidation. "Adventures by night are more than I bargained for. Come ladies, follow me."

"Tom," said L'Isle to his groom, without turning his head, but gazing steadily at the dark object across the water, "Follow Lady Mabel."

"Better send the Doctor, sir," said Tom, doggedly. "He has not sword or pistol."

"Whoever they are," said L'Isle to Cranfield, "they have posted themselves badly for surprise or attack. Let us form here on the slope of the bank, and if they attempt to cross, fall on them as they come out of the water."

Officers and servants fell into line—a badly armed troop, with infantry swords, and some without

pistols. Meanwhile, L'Isle sent Upton down to the edge of the river to challenge the opposite party.

Now, Upton's knowledge of foreign tongues was pretty much limited to those vituperative epithets which are first and oftenest heard in every language. He rode down to the edge of the water, and proceeded loudly to anathematize his opponents in Portuguese, Spanish and French successively. Having exhausted his foreign vocabulary, he hurled at them some well shotted English phrases—but the heretics did not need the damnatory clauses, even in plain English. Not a word could he get in reply from them. L'Isle literally and figuratively in the dark, grew impatient, and announced his intention to comment a pistol practice on them that would draw out some demonstration. He rode down to the water's edge, and was levelling a long pistol at the middle of the dark mass, when some epithet of Upton's, more stinging than any he had yet invented, proved too much for Goring's gravity. He began to laugh, and the contagion seized every dragoon of the party. The mask of hostility fell off, and they were instantly recognized as friends, to the great relief of those on the other bank.

Provoked as they were at this practical joke, their position had been too ridiculous not to be amusing. After a hearty laugh, they hastened to bring back the ladies, who were not found close hand, for Dona Carlotta and her friends had been posting back to Badajoz, and Lady Mabel had only succeeded in stopping them by the assurance that the road was doubtless beset, both before and behind them. When the two parties, now united, had taken their way back to Elvas, Lieut. Goring found an opportunity of putting himself alongside of Lady Mabel.

She reproached him with the boyish trick he had just perpetrated. It might so easily have had fatal consequences. Goring, himself began to think it not so witty as he had fancied it.

"It was very provoking, though," said he, "to be left out of your pleasant party. I hope you will consider that, Lady Mabel, and forgive me for the little alarm I have given you."

"Not to night," said she. "My nerves are quite too much shaken. But if I sleep well, and feel like myself again, I may possibly forgive you to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVI.

(*Rosalind reading a paper.*)

From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind,
All the pictures fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind,
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

Touchstone.—I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

—*As You Like It.*

Whenever L'Isle took holiday from his military duties, he was pretty sure to take it out of his regiment, the next day. On parade, next morning, he inspected the ranks, bent on detecting some defect in bearing or equipment, and peered into the faces of the men, as if hunting out the culprits in the latest breach of discipline. Men and officers looked for a three

hours' drill, to improve their wind, and put them in condition. But, to their great comfort, he soon let them off, and hastened back to his quarters. Arrived there, he called to his man for his portfolio, and at once sat down to write as if he had a world of correspondence before him. But it was plain to his man, who had occasion to come often into the room, that his master did not get through his work with his usual facility. He found him, not so often writing, as leaning on the table in labourious cogitation, or biting the feather end of his quill, or rapping his forehead with his knuckles, to stimulate the action of the organs within, or else striding up and down the room, in a brown study, over sundry half-written and discarded sheets of paper, scattered on the floor. L'Isle's servant wished to speak to him, but was too wise to disturb him in the midst of those throes of mental labour. But, when pausing suddenly in his walk, he pressed his fore-finger on his temple, and exclaimed, "I had it last night, and now I have lost it!" his confidential man thought it time to speak. "What is it, sir, shall I look for it?"

L'Isle stared at him, as if just roused from a reverie, and bursting into a hearty laugh, bid him go down stairs until he called for him.

Down stairs he went, and told his two companions that their master was at work on the toughest despatch or report, or something of that sort, he had ever had to make in his life, adding, "I would not be surprised, if something came of it."

"I have not a doubt," answered Tom, the groom, in a confident tone, "that the Colonel has found out some new way to jockey the French, and is about to lay it before Sir Rowland Hill, or, perhaps, my Lord Wellington himself."

Being men of leisure, they were still busy discussing their master's affairs, and had begun to wonder if he had forgotten that it was time to go to dinner, when L'Isle called for his man; but it was only to bid him send the groom up to him.

With an obedient start, Tom hastened up stairs. In a few minutes, he came down with an exceedingly neatly folded despatch in his hand. He seemed to have gained in that short interval no little accession of importance. He had quite sunk the groom, and strode into the room with the air of an ambassador.

"Now, my lads, without even stopping to wet my whistle," said he, "I will but sharpen my spurs, saddle my horse, and then—"

"What, then?" asked his comrades.

"I will ride off on my important mission."

"Were you right?" asked L'Isle's gentleman. "Is that for Sir Rowland Hill?"

"Sir Rowland," answered Tom, carelessly, "is not the most considerable personage with whom Master may correspond. And as the army post goes every day to *Coria*, he would hardly send me thither."

"Can it be for the Commander-in-chief?" suggested the footman.

"That is farther off still."

"You are but half-right," said Tom, contemptuously; "for it is not so far," and, holding up the letter, he pretended to read the direction: "To his Excellency, Lieutenant-General Sir Mabel Stewart, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in these parts." If you had not been blockheads, you might have known it, from the extraordinary neatness of the rose-coloured envelope, with its figured green border."

"I wonder where he got it?" said the footman.

"He brought them out with him from home," said Tom, as if he were in all his master's secrets, "for his love-letters to the Portuguese ladies—but never met with any worth writing love letters to. And, now, my lads, hinder me no longer, I must ride and run till this be delivered to my lady, and your mistress, that is to be." He was soon in the saddle, and when there rode as if to carry the news, that a French division, having surprised the dreamy Spaniards in Badajoz, was already fording the Cayo, without meeting even Goring's handful of dragoons, to check its progress.

L'Isle now hastened to the regimental mess, and, after dining, loitered there longer than usual, with a convivial set, until it was late enough to visit Lady Mabel.

He found her alone, in her drawing-room; her father being still at table, with some companions, the murmur of whose voices and laughter, now and then reached L'Isle's ears.

"Lieutenant Goring, who is down stairs," said Lady Mabel, "has been amusing us at dinner with his version of our adventure at the ford of the Cayo; and a very good story he makes of it, giving some rich samples of Captain Upton's polyglot eloquence. He, alone, seems not to have been in the dark; and saw all, and more than all, that occurred—nor does he forget you in the picture. But, papa cannot see the wit of it at all."

"There seldom is wit in practical jokes," said L'Isle; "but there was certainly more wit than wisdom in this."

"By-the-bye," said Lady Mabel, "our excursion yesterday has procured me a new correspondent. You will be astonished to hear who he is, and at the style in which he writes."

"Indeed!" said L'Isle, with

heightening colour. "I hope he writes on an agreeable topic, and in a suitable style?"

"You shall judge for yourself," said Lady Mabel. "But the grandiloquence of the epistle, worthy of Don Alonzo Melendez himself, calls not for reading, but recitation. Do you sit here as critic, while I take my stand in the middle of the room, and give it utterance with all the elocution and pathos I can muster. You must know, that this epistle I hold in my hand, is addressed to me by no less a personage than the river-god of the Guadiana, who, contrary to all my notions of mythology, proves to be a gentleman, and not a lady." And, in a slightly mock-heroic tone, she began to recite it:

Maiden, the sunshine of thine eye,
Flashing my joyous waves along,
The magic of thy soul-lit smile,
Have waked my murmuring voice to song.

Winding through Hispania's mountains,
Watering her sunburnt plains,
I, from earliest time; have gladdened
Dwellers on these wide domains.

I have watched succeeding races
Peopling my fertile strand,
Marked each varying lovely model,
Moulded by Nature's plastic hand.

Striving still to reach perfection,
Ruthless, she broke each beauteous mould;
Some blemish still deformed her creature,
Some alloy still defiled her gold.

The Iberian girl has often bathed
Her limbs in my delighted flood,
And no Acteon came to startle
This very Dian of the wood.

The stately Roman maid has loitered,
Pensive, upon my flowering shore,
Shedding some pearly drops to think,
Italia she may see no more.

While gazing on my placid face,
She meditates her distant home;
And rears, as upon Tiber's banks,
The towers of Imperial Rome.

The blue-eyed daughter of the Goth,
Fresh from her northern forest-home,

In rude nobility of race,
Foreshadowed her who now has
come.

The loveliest offspring of the Moor
Beside my moon-lit current sat;
And, sighing, sung her hopeless love,
In strains that I remember yet.

The Christian knight, in captive chains,
The conqueror of her heart has proved;
His own, in far Castilian bower,
He bears her blandishments unmoved.

Thus Nature tried her 'prentice hand,
Become, at last, an artist true;
In inspiration's happiest mood,
She tried again, and moulded you.

Maiden, from my crystal surface,
May thy image never fade;
Longing, longing, to embrace thee,
I, alas! embrace a shade.

Fainter glows each beauteous image,
Thy beauty vanishing before;
I will clasp thy lovely shadow,
Fate will grant to me no more.

If the verses were not very good, L'Isle was ready to acknowledge it; but, in fact, he had not the fear of criticism before his eyes; for when did lady ever criticise verses made in her praise? But he had reckoned without his host. Though Lady Mabel recited them exceedingly well, in a way that showed that she must have read them over many times, and dwelt upon them, there was an under-current of ridicule running through her tones and action—for she had personified the river-god—and when she was done, she criticised them with merciless irony.

"This is no timid rhymster," she exclaimed, "but a true poet of the Spanish school: No figure is too bold for him. A mere versifier would have likened a lady's eyes to earthly diamonds or heavenly stars; the blessed sun himself is not too bright for our poet's purpose.—My timid fancy dared not follow his soaring wing; to me at the first glance, the 'stately Roman maid' was building her mimic Rome on the banks of the Guadi-

ana with solid stone and tough cement, and I saddened at the sight of her labours. To come down to the mechanism of the verse," she continued, "besides a false rhyme or two, the measure halts a little.—But we must not forget that the river-god is taking a poetical stroll in the shackles of a foreign tongue. In this case we have good assurance that the poet has never been out of his own country, and to the eye of a foreigner, 'flood' and 'wood' and 'home' and 'come' are perfect rhymes. We must deal gently with the poet while 'trying his' prentice hand,' hoping better things when he shall 'become an artist true;' and when we remember that to the national taste sublimity is represented by bombast, artifice takes the place of nature, and sense is sacrificed to sound, the love of the *ore rotundo* demanding mouth-filling words at any price, we cannot fail to discover the genuine Spanish beauties of the piece. I only wonder that in his chronological picture of the races, he should omit to display the Phœnician, Jewish and Gypsy maidens to our admiring eyes."

"Heyday!" exclaimed Colonel Bradshawe, who now came in with Major Warren, while she was still standing in the middle of the floor, with the paper raised in her hand, "Is this a rehearsal? Are we to have private theatricals, with Lady Mabel for first and sole actress? With songs interspersed for her as *prima donna*? Pray let me come in as one of the *dramatis personæ*."

"It is no play!" said Lady Mabel, much confused. "I have just been throwing away my powers of elocution in an attempt to make Colonel L'Isle perceive the beauties of a piece of model poetry, moulded in the purest Spanish taste. I thought him gifted with some poetic feeling, but he shows not the

slightest sense of its peculiar merits."

L'Isle, though much out of countenance, had kept his seat through the recitation, but now got up looking little pleased with it.

"Try me," said Major Warren. "You may be more successful in finding a critic."

"I never suspected you of any critical acumen," said Lady Mabel, "and so could not be disappointed."

"Do not over-look me," said Bradshawe. "Poetry is the expression of natural feeling, in a state of exaltation. Now, I am always in an exalted state of feeling in your company, and may be just now a very capable judge."

"No! one failure is enough for me," said Lady Mabel. "I am not in the humour to repeat it."

"Let me read it then," said Bradshawe, offering to take the paper from her hand.

Lady Mabel declined, and L'Isle tried to divert his attention. But Bradshawe's curiosity was strongly excited, and he made more than one playful attempt to get possession of the verses. Upon this Lady Mabel went to the table near which L'Isle was standing, and pretended to hide them between the pages of one of the books there. L'Isle, anxious that they should be kept from every eye but hers, watched her closely. Could he believe his eyes? As she stooped over the table, she actually, unobserved as she thought, slipped the verses into her bosom. Bradshawe pertinaciously began to search the volumes on which Lady Mabel took up the largest of them, and with a grave face, carried it out of the room, leaving L'Isle so well satisfied with her care for the safe-keeping of his epistle, that, by the time she came back, he was ready

to bear, without flinching any severity of criticism.

The rest of his company below being gone, Lord Strathern now entered the room. "Ah L'Isle, I am glad to find you here, I was just about to send after you. I have this moment received a dispatch from Sir Rowland. He needs you for a special service, and this letter contains his instructions."

"It is in verse?" asked Lady Mabel, coming close up beside her father.

"In verse, child? What are you dreaming of? Sir Rowland is a sane man, and never writes verses?"

"I thought it might be a growing custom to correspond in verse. The last letter I received was in regular stanzas."

"Who from?" asked Lord Strathern.

"A Spaniard—a genuine Spaniard, of the purest water," said Lady Mabel. "And strange to tell, I never saw him but once in my life."

"The impudent rascal!" exclaimed his Lordship, "I will have him horse-whipped by way of answer, a stripe for every line."

"Nay," said Lady Mabel, "a stripe for every bad line will be cutting criticism enough."

"Who is this fellow? Is it the Don Alonso Melendez you were telling me of?"

"Never mind his name, Papa. I am afraid you might have him flayed alive. While the poor fellow deserves nothing but laughter for his doggerel." And while this doggerel was secretly pressed by her bosom, she stole a look at L'Isle and was surprised to see how little galled he seemed to be by her ridicule.

"What is the burden of Sir Rowland's verses?" she asked, addressing him.

"Very true!" exclaimed L'Isle,

"I had forgotten to read it." And breaking the seal, he ran his eye hastily over the letter. "I must leave Elvas at once, and be away some days," he said, with a look of dissatisfaction.

"Sir Rowland is very fond of sending you on his errands," remarked Lord Strathern. "And hitherto you seemed to like the extra work he gave you."

"I would be gladly excused from it just now," answered L'Isle, and in spite of himself his eye wandered towards Lady Mabel. Lord Strathern did not observe this, but said, jestingly: "I believe you have contrived to convince Sir Rowland that none of us can do any thing so well as you can," but there was a little tone of pique in the way this was said.

"I have made no attempt to do so," L'Isle answered. "But he has given me something to do now—and I must set about it at once." Taking leave of Lady Mabel, he held a short private conference with his Lordship, and, when he went out to mount his horse, found Colonel Bradshawe already in the saddle, waiting for him. This annoyed him, for he instinctively knew Bradshawe's object, and looked to be ingeniously cross-questioned as to the verses which Lady Mabel had recited, and then criticised so unsparingly. Unwilling to let Bradshawe stretch him on the rack for his amusement, L'Isle assumed the offensive, and at once broached an-

other subject which he had much at heart.

"I wonder when we will leave Elvas," he exclaimed abruptly. "If we stay here much longer, we will be at war with the people around us. I never knew my Lord so negligent of discipline. It evidently grows upon him."

"The old gentleman," said Bradshawe carelessly, "certainly holds the reins with a slack hand."

"He is content with preserving order in Elvas," said L'Isle, "but turn a deaf ear to almost every complaint the peasantry make against our people."

"Many of them are lies," said Bradshawe, coolly.

"And many of them are too well founded," answered L'Isle. "You are the senior officer in the brigade, and a man of no little tact. Could you not stir my Lord up to looking more closely into this matter?"

"I will think of it," said Bradshawe, anxious to open a more interesting subject.

"Pray, think of it speedily," said L'Isle. "There is no time to be lost. And I must lose no time now. The sun has set, and I must be in Olivenca by midnight."

"What will you do there?" asked Bradshawe.

"Bait my horses on my way into Andalusia," answered L'Isle, riding off at full gallop, leaving Bradshawe much provoked at his slipping out of his hands before he could put him to the question.

(To be Continued.)

THE MARBLE BUST.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

CHAPTER IV.

This singular style of work lasted till the end of June; the bust looked like nothing human. Mme. Michaud began to suspect that so much company disturbed her artist, but Victorine would not listen to such a suggestion. She was so perfectly assured that the Beautiful Unknown knew nothing of sculpture, that she desired as much as possible, to assist him in concealing his ignorance. "What will become of us," she thought, "when he is obliged to confess the truth?"

She made it her business to torment her aunt, to interrupt Daniel, and to shorten the sittings. The poor artist thought with terror of the 15th of July, and cordially bestowed the reverse of blessings upon everybody, not excepting Victorine.

"The incomparable Atalanta" was alone all astonished at her lover's obstinate silence. "Alas!" she said to herself, "of what avail are all his plots and mine, if he will not tell me that he loves me? Is he afraid of me? I should keep his secret so well!"

Sometimes, to pique him, she would coquette with M. de Marsal, or M. Lefébure. These caprices caused perfect revolutions in the château. M. de Marsal would write triumphant letters to his family; M. Lefébure would pack his trunks; Mme. Michaud would buy a new carriage in token of her delight; Daniel, alone, seemed to perceive nothing. The next day, the wheel had turned: M. de Mar-

sal was lugubrious; M. Lefébure was noisy; Mme. Michaud was so anxious that she could not sit down for half-a-minute; and Daniel saw chains of mountains rising up between himself and his fifteen hundred francs.

"What is he waiting for to declare himself?" was Victorine's constant thought. She took to pieces every bouquet brought by the gardener for her room, and scattered the flowers with disappointment, when she found that they contained no note. She waited, each night, for hours, at her window, expecting a serenade. If a gondola had come on dry land, to the great staircase of the château; if she had seen musicians alight from it, with rebecks, hautboys, and a guitar; if little negro boys, dressed in red satin, had served up before her a collation of fruits and ices, such a phenomenon would have astonished her less than Daniel's miraculous silence.

Meanwhile, the two suitors began to get very tired of the constant presence of the artist. They could not fail to perceive the interest that Victorine took in him, and they asked themselves what sort of personages they were playing in this game. They had never had any great sympathy for M. Fert, but now they detested him. Certainly, Mme. Michaud had the right to order her bust from whoever she pleased, but for this reason, to bring a handsome young man, not over thirty, into familiar and constant intercourse with a

young lady, whose eyes so frequently rested on him, passed permission.

This sculptor, too, was no eagle. His masterpieces were mounted on clocks; he had been working for a fortnight on an unhappy bust, without being able to bring it into any sort of shape. His conversation was anything but brilliant; he spoke very little, and his wit would surely never choke him by its excess. Mme. Michaud had no right to give way to these fancies of an hour. She was exposing the most serious family interests; in a word, it was time that the Marquis should return to the chateau.

One morning, Daniel, very much discouraged, took off, for the fifteenth time, the wet cloth which covered the shapeless bust. M. Lefébure and M. de Marsal looked at him with ill-disguised and malevolent pity. Victorine was troubled; she chided her aunt for not keeping still, but took care, likewise, to prevent her from doing so.

"Well, are you in the vein, to-day?" asked Mme. Michaud.

"My dear Madame Michaud," said Daniel, "I have studied your face, I know it by heart, and it seems to me that I could do a great deal of work in one hour, if—you would only sit to me a little."

"That's all? I don't say another word, I don't know anybody: I am sitting." And the worthy soul turned towards him with a wonderful grimace, and a rigid head. "The gallery will please keep silence. Ah! if I were as pretty as Victorine, you would put more interest in your work, though you are an *artisk*."

"M. Lefébure," asked Victorine, glancing at Daniel, "do you think any one ever became an artist through love?"

"Certainly, Mademoiselle; on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"Very little; ten or twelve years of study."

"Oh, you are so prosaic; you don't believe in the power of love."

"If there were many incredulous on that point," put in M. de Marsal, gallantly, "*you* would not have to preach long to convert them."

"Captain, if you compliment me, how can I argue? Where were we? Aunt, keep still. I said that love could perform miracles; for instance, I am the Princess—— what Princess? The Princess Atalanta, daughter of the King of Noland. I am driving about in a carriage, drawn by four horses,—no—four white unicorns; that's rarer and prettier. A shepherd sees me pass—falls in love—the next day I receive a sonnet!"

"In what manner?—through whom?"

"Oh, under the wing of a carrier-pigeon. The sonnet is admirable; consequently, love has made a poet."

"Much more than that, Mademoiselle," replied M. Lefébure, laughing. "Love, by your account, teaches prosody, orthography, and the art of writing, to a man who only knew how to tend sheep—and that in one day! without speaking of the rules appertaining to sonnets, which, I have been assured, are very complicated. I was reading, recently, a little poem, revised by a dentist!"

"Oh, very well; I abandon poetry. But, painting! A young Italian is about to be sacrificed, by a cruel father, to some old horror who *will* marry her. A charming lord, of a neighboring city, introduces himself into the castle under the name of a renowned artist; he has never handled a brush in all his life, but Love conducts his hand; do you believe that such a thing has never happened?"

"I should like to see it. Drawing is not taught, like writing, in thirty lessons; and as for colouring, there are members of the Academy of Fine Arts, that have never learnt it."

"Is that true, M. Fert?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"But you, who are a sculptor, are you going to range that branch against my theory, also? Will you admit that a man of the world, a gentleman who has never touched modelling clay, could, by force of love, and to bring himself in contact with the one he loves, make—a bust?"

"Faith! Mademoiselle, it is a thing that I should have thought impossible, six months ago."

"And, now?"

"Now, I agree with you, I believe in the miracles of love."

Victorine felt herself grow pale; she felt her blood stand still at her heart.

"Is this an anecdote?" she asked, with a trembling voice.

"Not a very long one, and I can tell it to you." Mme. Michaud was quiet. Daniel rapidly worked, and told his story slowly.

"Six months ago, I was finishing a group for the Spanish Ambassador. I received a visit from a man of my own age, and from my own province, a school-mate, named Cambier. He had come to Paris to write, but he either wrote very little or he wrote very badly. I don't know which—certain it is, that the poor devil often had need of money. He was wearing in the the month of January, a mixed woollen and cotton slop-shop coat, and a battered gray hat. He met in my studio a Jewess, called Coralie, who sits for heads and hands. She is really handsome and well-conducted. She lives with her aunt, in this neighborhood, Rue Mouffetard? Cambier gazed at her

for a half-hour like an insane sheep. When she went off, he asked me all sorts of questions about her—he had never seen anything so beautiful. This was the woman he had dreamed about. He had been waiting ten years for her! He asked me her name—hunted up her address on the slate, where I set down my models. He *must* see her again. He was fully capable of marrying her on the spot. I warned him that he would not be very graciously received, for the aunt lived on her niece, and had no thought of marrying her to any one. Then he entreated me to bring her to sit again, even when I assured him that I had no need of her. The unfortunate offered to pay for the sittings! I did not give much attention to his nonsense, and the following days I regularly absented myself—I worked abroad. When I returned to my studio, I found his name written ten or twelve times on the door. Recollect, he lived three miles off. At last he caught me. He had been to see Coralie, and they had shut the door in his face. He had tears in his eyes when he told me this. "Oh, that I were a sculptor," he said, "she should then sit for me, and I might look my fill at her!" He begged me to lend him some old tools. I gave him a handful of them. A month afterwards, in the middle of February, back he came. I would not have recognized him—it was a new man. His eye sparkled, his face was animated, and he walked with a princely step—a little more and he would have sung. But, I must say, in some respects, he had not changed—the coat and the hat were the same. Off he started about Coralie. He was more in love than ever, and he hoped to make her love him. To begin it, he had made a bust of her from memory, and he gave me no peace

until I consented to go and see it. Worn out, at length I let him take me. An omnibus carried us to the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de l'Arbre. That was where he lived—above the fountain, and a good deal above it. I did not count the stories, but there were six or seven. The bust was placed on a rickety old table. At that time, I did not believe in the miracles of love, and I was as skeptical about them as M. Lefébure; for my first words, as he withdrew the wet cloths were, "You never did that yourself!" I vow, without false modesty, that I would willingly give all that I ever did, and all that I ever shall do, for that bust of Coralie. There was about it something so original, and so scientific, so vigorous and so passionate; something which recalled certain pictures of Holbein, certain sketches of Abert Durer; or, if you will, some of the finest sculptures of the middle ages. The fact is, that bust, in reddish clay, cast around the humble garret, the light of a master-piece. I told the artist everything that came into my head. I was more happy than those who discover a gold mine. He thanked me, he embraced me, he was wild with joy. Already he saw Coralie coming to his studio. The next day, I brought with me, M. David, M. Rude, and M. Dumont. These masters took him by the hand, and told him that he was a great artist. They declared that this bust must be finished for the exhibition. I made them observe, by a glance around, that there was not in this poor chamber, thirty francs for the moulder. My sign was so well understood that, after we left, Cambier found more than five *louis d'ors* on his bureau. Your head a little more to the left, Madame, if you please."

"And this *chef-d'œuvre*, what has

become of it?" asked M. Lefébure. "The public did not see it—the critics said nothing about it!"

"Alas! love, like the tigers, willingly devoured its own offspring. A week after this visit, I went back to Cambier. He was standing in front of his house, his feet soaking in the melted snow, smoking his pipe with a gloomy air, and looking at the fountain and the water-carriers. He did not see me till I tapped him on the shoulder. I asked him what he was doing there? "You see, I am amusing myself." "And your love affair?" "Ah, true—yes; I went to Coralie with my bust under my arm. I told her what I had done for love of her—what you all said—and that I would be an artist, and she would come and sit to me. She replied that I was a fool, that I bothered her, and that she would thank me to carry off my old plaster-work. I didn't carry it off very far. I broke it on the curb-stone."

"And Coralie is married?" asked M^{lle} de Gueblan.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, to a knife-grinder, who makes three francs a day by his *profession*."

"Oh, how delightful! How fortunate!" screamed Madame Michaud.

"What?" asked everybody.

"How fortunate! Delightful! My *busk*! It's me, it's myself! You can't mistake it. Oh, my dear! you are indeed, an *artist*. I must embrace you for this!"

Whereupon Madame Michaud threw her arms around Daniel, who was quite unprepared for such an attack.

The bust was not finished—far from it; but he had made more progress in these two hours than in the preceding two weeks. Madame Michaud had "sat" without knowing it, while listening to Daniel's story, who had profited by the

lucky chance. No one could deny the resemblance, not even Victorine, who scarcely dared believe her eyes. In her confusion, she said to Daniel, "Ah! you have indeed proved that love works miracles."

Daniel thought that she was still alluding to Cambier. He was standing with folded arms before his bust and said to himself, "At last it is begun. It only remains now to be decently finished. We are at the first of July, and have still time enough ahead. If those gentlemen will let me alone, in a fortnight the cast will be ready, and I can ask for fifteen hundred francs in advance."

"How much truth is there in this story?" asked Victorine. "Spanish Ambassador—a young girl living in this neighborhood with an Aunt—a young man of his age, and from his province—a *chef d'œuvre* accomplished through love—who marries a knife-grinder? And by what marvellous means has that mass of clay taken the shape of Madame Michaud?"

The Marquis had fixed his return for the first of July, at dinner time, so, although he had not written for four days, his punctuality was well known, and, consequently, his apartments were ready for him, and his cover laid at the table.

After the triumphant termination of the sitting, Daniel, radiant as the sun, went to the smoking-room, to replenish his cigar case, where the Don Juan clock announced a half-hour's leisure before the dressing bell.

To return to the garden, after quitting the smoking room, he had to go through the fencing-room. It was a large, square hall, with an unwaxed pine floor, and hung around with arms of all sorts. There were swords, sharpened, greased, new and shining—others,

for fencing, that were evidently often in constant use.

Daniel, humming a tune, passed by M. Lefébure, who was standing in contemplation before a panoply. The lawyer had not comfortably digested the numerous social successes of the artist, followed up by this vigorous kiss, which Mme. Michaud had chosen so generously to bestow. For a fortnight he had had no active exercise. His blood was fermenting; his hands were itching him; he implored of Fate a man—a single man, just one poor little man—whose bones he might break. Daniel appeared like a victim, sent by Nemesis. How charming it would be to "pitch into" that broad and vigorous chest: to mark it all over with those blue dots which the button of the guarded sword would leave!

The victory was not doubtful: fifteen years of steady practice, and a prodigious strength!

M. Lefébure had a modest way of saying, "I have already met with three *amateurs* superior to myself—Lord Henry Seymour, Mr. O'Connell, and the Marquis de Guéblan." It was an elegant manner of remarking, "I only fear the three first swordsmen of Paris." He now felt an irresistible desire to give a fencing lesson to M. Daniel Fert.

The young artist had nothing against M. Lefébure. He did not think him handsome, and he would not have taken his bust for love or for money: he had found him rather in the way, during the last fourteen days, from four o'clock till six, but, except for that, he bore him no ill-will. He stopped to speak to him, examined the arms, accepted a glove and a sword, and put on a mask, with all the innocent mildness of a lamb, decked for sacrifice.

The infuriate lawyer rushed upon him, without warning, and lunged at him twenty times in the space of as many seconds; it was a perfect hail storm. At each thrust, he murmured to himself, "There, there, there! take that for your sculpturing! that for your music! that to teach you to come meddling in my love affairs and my business!"

Daniel pocketed the blows very quietly, and each time that he was touched, said, according to the rules of the art, "A Touch."

After five minutes of this work, M. Lefébure paused to take breath and to wipe his forehead. Daniel was neither warmer nor cooler than when he started. He looked at the purple visage of his adversary, and said to himself: "Now, I understand your game; you don't touch me again! It is my turn."

He stood the second assault firmly, although it was more violent than the first, parried and thrust in the right time: was not once touched, and gave back, with usury and calmness, the full value of what he had received. M. Lefébure would not admit it. In fencing, as in all games, there are pleasant and disagreeable players; M. Lefébure was a detestable player. Instead of saying: "A Touch," when he was touched he cried out,

"That was my arm! my shoulder! my side! your sword slipped! bad play! missed! you can't count that! my turn now! Ah! that's what can be called touched."

"Excuse me, sir," said Daniel, taking off his mask; "I think if your sword had been without a button, I would not have received a scratch."

"Not in our first trial?" asked M. Lefébure, in a sneering tone. "However, to be frank, you did better in the second. We will try again. Let me breathe a little."

Daniel was getting slightly angry: this fretful persistence had aroused him. "Very well, we will try it again," he said.

It was now M. Lefébure's turn to wink and to defend himself. Daniel gave a Rowland for an Oliver.

"Ouf!" cried M. Lefébure, throwing his sword on a bench: "I think we are about equal."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed the artist, with a charming air of surprise, "I thought I had the advantage." "How! how! I gained the first; the second didn't count, and the third is yours."

"Excuse me, again: why does not the second count?"

"Well—it was equal. You touched me two or three times, and I flatter myself I did the same by you."

"So be it," said Daniel, exasperated. "Shall we try the conqueror?"

"Will we have time?"

The billiard-room door was open. M. Lefébure stepped in to look at the clock, and came back, saying: "It wants twenty minutes to seven." During his absence Daniel unhung a keen and sharp sword, and substituted it for M. Lefébure's. "Now, we shall see."

As M. Lefébure entered, Daniel continued: "It will not take us a moment. The first who touches is conqueror. Come, sir, *en garde*."

M. Lefébure seized the sword, and threw himself violently, as before, upon the artist, who stood firmly on the defensive. His adversary made two or three tremendous lunges; the last hit Daniel severely on his fore-arm. The lawyer lowered his blade.

"Did I not touch you?" he asked, politely.

"I don't think so, sir."

"I was very sure, sir."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Strange illusion, on my part,

sir; I could have sworn that the point of my sword touched you in the middle of your chest."

"If you are sure, sir"—

"Perfectly sure, sir."

"Then, will you be good enough to explain to me how I am still living, sir."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Look at your sword, if you please."

M. Lefébure started.

"We will not try this any more, M. Fert; you have played off a terrible joke. I might have killed you."

"Not at all; I knew you would not touch me again."

Victorine, her aunt, M. de Marsal, and the Marquis, who had just arrived, were standing at the door of the fencing-room.

"What a man!" thought Victorine. "He is a knight, escaped from some old romance."

After Daniel had been presented to the Marquis, she drew near him, and whispered, "M. Fert, I forbid you to risk your life."

"That little girl bothers me," thought the sculptor.

CHAPTER V.

During dinner, the Marquis studied carefully Daniel's face; M. Lefébure scowled at him; M. de Marsal looked at him with mingled curiosity and stupefaction; Mme. Michaud praised him to the skies; and Victorine secretly adored him. Meanwhile, the hero of the day eat like a Trojan.

The party separated two hours earlier than usual. The master of a house, who returns after three weeks' absence, is supposed to have a hundred things to say to his family—the Marquis had a thousand questions to ask Mme. Michaud.

Victorine readily guessed that she would be principally discussed in this conference; she would not go to bed, but took a book, and did not have the smallest idea of what she was reading. M. Lefébure and M. de Marsal, leagued against the common enemy, sought, together, some means to get rid of Daniel. Daniel quietly went to his bed at ten o'clock, and made one nap of it until the next morning.

"My dear sister," said the Marquis to Mme. Michaud, "I have

done what you desired; I have opened a competition which threatens both danger and ridicule. I don't see that the question has made much progress in my absence. Where are we? What says Victorine?"

"Still the same thing—she says nothing; but if she has a grain of sense she will choose M. de Marsal. Only three days ago I told her again, what I will repeat to you both, forever, until you understand it—you don't marry a man, but a name. A woman can go everywhere without her husband, but she must drag his name after her, whether she likes it or not. In a ball-room, where she is dancing, people don't ask if her husband is tall or short—they say, 'What is the name of that pretty woman, waltzing yonder?' The name! why, it goes above everything, dress, fortune, beauty—because it is not everybody that has a name."

"Bah! names are fabricated every day, and"—

"Because Bourguignon makes false diamonds, shall we throw

our real ones in the gutter? You don't know how delightful it is to have a name which sounds well. You are spoiled on that point; it is fifty years and some months, since people first began to call you the Marquis de Guéblan. Ah! if you just could, for one minute, be called Michaud! To think that I am as well born as you—your own, own sister, same father, same mother, and that I shall eternally be called Mme. Michaud! I *ain't* got anything against my husband. Heaven rest his soul! I lived peaceably with him, and liked him, in spite of his name, and all his other defects; but, for mercy's sake, why could n't he carry off his Michaud into the other world with him. However," and she heaved a deep sigh, "I have made up my mind to it—I am resigned—but on one condition, and that is, that Victorine is n't called Michaud, too."

"Lefébure is not an ugly name, and besides"—

"Lefébure—that's Michaud. Every name which has n't a title, ain't surmounted by a coronet, and flanked by a coat-of-arms, comes under the great *cutlegory* of Michaud. There are thirty-six millions of Michauds in France, and I'm one of them! two or three thousands of Guébans, and Victorine shall be one of *them*!"

"And why not? She can marry M. Lefébure, and call herself Mme. de Guéblan. I am the last of the name, and M. Lefébure can apply"—

"Bad, my dear brother; bad, impossible! That graft won't take, and the Marquis Lefébure de Guéblan will never be anything but Lefébure. Marsal is a pretty name."

M. de Guéblan had an excellent reason for not desiring an alliance with M. de Marsal. This last scion of so ancient a family would never

consent to change his own name for another, although equally good, and the Marquis passionately desired that his son-in-law should take the name and arms of Guéblan.

Besides, he did not count entirely upon Mme. Michaud's fortune; he believed her capable of re-marrying, simply for the pleasure of burying definitively the odious cognomen. Victorine would be out of the reach of any such caprice, by taking M. Lefébure.

This last argument, which the Marquis frankly uttered, amused his sister greatly.

"You are a goose," she exclaimed. "Who would wish an antiquity like me? Victorine shall have everything. How much shall I give her as a marriage portion? An income of a hundred thousand francs? Then, she needn't marry Lefébure. I understand how those who haven't money look for it; if you have got what is necessary, you needn't want what's superfluous. A hundred thousand francs a year is necessary, and Victorine can't eat more than that, she's got such little teeth! Besides, I think she has a preference for M. de Marsal."

"Had you told me that at first, we might have spared so much discussion. But, are you sure?"

"Let's go and ask her—that's the best way, after all."

The silent Victorine now began to be weary of the part of "walking lady." Since she had assured herself that she was loved, her joy escaped in the new lustre of her sweet eyes. Happiness, long suppressed in the depths of her innocent soul, now mounted to her lips; her love was like those aquatic plants, which hide both roots and leaves, until the moment when they blossom on the surface of the waters.

She listened with calmly radiant brow to her father's little exhortation, which wound up with a request that she would candidly name the one she preferred.

"Lefébure or Marsal?—choose," added her aunt.

"Neither."

"And why, dear child?"

"Because I don't love either, dear aunt."

"What do you mean, Victorine? I don't ask you if you are in love with either of these gentlemen; you marry for friendship, esteem—love comes afterwards."

"I prefer loving my husband beforehand."

"Look here; this isn't in good taste. I don't know anything so shocking as those brides who dote upon their husbands. When I married M. Michaud, I knew him, I esteemed him, but I was no more in love with him than with the Emperor of China. Love is a tree which grows slowly; only ill weeds grow apace."

"Dear aunt, is it also not in good taste for a man to be in love with the woman he marries?"

"I didn't say that. Don't try to make out that I am talking nonsense."

"For it seems to me that neither of those gentlemen is the least in love with your little niece."

"How? why?"

"Oh, I am not mistaken. I have studied them well; and this is the result of my observations. Do you wish to hear?"

"Certainly. We are listening to you."

"M. de Marsal is well born, well educated, of a good disposition, even temper, and agreeable manners."

"Ah!" cried Mme. Michaud, exultingly.

"Wait! M. Lefébure has sense, a cultivated mind, a fine voice,

some eloquence, noble and resolute gestures."

"Ah, ah!" murmured the Marquis.

"Patience, dear papa. The former is fair, the latter dark; one is thin, the other fat; one is poor, the other rich; and yet, they appear like the same man, so much do they resemble each other in their manner to me. They repeat the same insipid compliments, as if they learned them out of the same text-book. They look at me exactly in the same way; they listen to me precisely in the same way. If I smile, they smile triumphantly in return; if I pout, they bow their heads under the weight of the same sorrow. Any one would suppose that they play into each other's hands to make the conversation turn on marriage, and each labours to prove that *he* would be the best of husbands. If I blame those who love with indifference, they frown simultaneously like two fiercely jealous tigers; if I speak against jealousy, their two faces expand with a sort of beatific indifference. If my aunt says a word against avarice, they are ready to run and play quoits with gold pieces; if she reprimands prodigality, they would go on all fours to hunt for pins in the carpet! That is not the way to love!"

"How do you know?"

"I feel it, there! The heart is far-seeing—above all, at my age; its eyes are not *blasés*. If those gentlemen were in love with me, something would tell me so; and, at least, I should feel grateful to them. But when their attentions only irritate and weary me, it is because their attentions are not addressed to *me*, and it is my possible dowry that should thank them."

M. de Guéblan was less struck by his daughter's words, than by the tone in which she spoke. He

took her two little hands in his, drew her towards him, and seated her gently on his knee.

"Look me in the eyes, darling," he said. "Do you love any one?"

She kissed him for answer.

"Is he noble?"

"As a king."

"Rich?"

"As my aunt."

"Handsome?"

"As you, my dear, dear papa; and brave, and proud, and witty as you!"

"Do we know him?"

"You have seen him, but you don't know him."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At the Spanish Ambassador's, last winter."

"That's an age ago!"

"Yes; I was six months without hearing of him."

"Has he forgotten you?"

"No."

"How do you know it?"

"I have the proofs of it."

"I don't ask if he has written to you—you are my daughter."

"Oh, papa!"

"Who is he? Tell us his name!"

Victorine would have been very much puzzled to do so. Mme. Michaud said to the Marquis, "that's enough. Leave me alone with her. She'll tell me her secret."

I do not know how Victorine managed to bewitch her aunt. The fact is, that she did not tell her secret, and that she enrolled Mme. Michaud in a plot against the wooers. They promised each other to make M. de Marsal and M. Lefébure prove that they were only in love with Mme. Michaud's fortune.

The play was opened, by Victorine's cutting out, on the spot, from a volume of one of her favorite romances, the following sentence, which was put in an envelope and directed to M. Lefébure:

"The lady and her niece were married on the same day to the two knights they loved, and those who were in the Castle chapel saw two noble ceremonies."

"Let us consider now," said Mme. Michaud. "When the postman brings him this anonymous scrap, he'll read it. What will he think? At first, he will suppose that it is some trick—some practical joke. When I was to marry M. Michaud, my father received a dozen anonymous letters; one of them declared that my future husband had already eleven wives in Turkey! Then he will rub his head, and think that, perhaps, I am fool enough to marry again with my gray hair and my moustache. If I marry, the consequences are clear—you immediately enter into the interesting *cattlegory* of penniless young ladies. That stout Lefébure is mean to the marrow of his bones; he is incapable of marrying you for nothing; I can see the face he will make. Now, M. de Marsal would marry you in spite of everything—he is a gentleman. But, now I think of it, how can I make the lawyer believe that I have a husband on hand? He knows that there has been nobody near the house these three weeks past. To get married, there must be somebody to marry. Victorine, help me to find a ghost of a husband, Wait! the little *artisk!*"

"Oh! aunt!"

"Why not? He is very handsome."

"Yes—but"

"He has talent."

"Certainly, but"

"He has an absurd name, but it is a well-known one. That is a kind of merit in names! What I like in *artisks* is that they are not citizens, city people."

"But, think a moment, aunt!"

"That he hasn't a cent? I am

rich enough for both. After all, this marriage would not be half so unlikely as that of the Countess de Pagny, with her steward Thibaudau. The Marquise de Valin married a little engineer of Brest, called Henrion! and Mme. de Bougé! and Mme. de Lansac! and Mme. de la Rue!"——

"Yes, my dearest aunt, but what sort of figure will you make the poor young man play!"

"He will be very unhappy truly! I shall be charming to him; make him compliments; walk him about the park; give him the liver-wings of the chickens, and so on. Besides, he won't suspect anything. My attentions will only be intelligible to any one who is warned about it."

Mme. Michaud promised to reassure the Marquis about his daughter. She told him, confidentially, that it was only a young girl's imagination, a purely capricious piece of nonsense without foundation. There was no sort of danger. Victorine was safe, away from the world and the drawing-rooms of Paris.

The good aunt did not rest in her labours; she brought auxiliaries to the field, in the shape of Mme. Lerambert, her son and her daughter. M^{lle} Lerambert was known to have a million of francs for her portion. At the same time, she telegraphed for M^{lle} de Marsal, a woman of sense and judgment, the elder and very much elder sister of the Vicomte. M^{lle} de Marsal, unfortunately, took an immense time to get herself in marching order: she had to bid adieu to her little château de Lunéville, to her cats and to her neighbours, and to embark in an ancient travelling-carriage. She had no confidence in rail-roads, and preferred trusting herself to her old Lorraine horses, who dragged her safely along at the rate of ten miles a day, and bravely performed the journey by the twelfth of July, at which epoch, M. Lefébure was the declared suitor of M^{lle} Lerambert; and Daniel, tenderly cared for by Madame Michaud, was giving the last touches to his plaster-cast.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE COUNT DE FOIX.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF A PART OF THE XIVTH CENTURY.

Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix and Béarn, was one of the ablest and most notable men of his time. In returning from an expedition into Prussia, with the Captal de Buch, in the year 1358, he heard, while at Chalons, in Champagne, that the Dutchess of Normandy, wife of the Dauphin Charles, and three hundred other ladies, with the Duke and Dutchess of Orleans, were besieged in the town of Mieux, in Brie, by the *Jacquerie*; and, without waiting to find out their numbers, or fill up his own ranks, he gallantly went to the rescue of the ladies; with forty lances threw himself into the town, and dispersed the infamous rabble with great slaughter.

Thirty years after that event, Froissart went to visit him at his usual residence at Orthez, in Béarn, with letters of introduction from his Lord, Guy de Chastillon, Count de Blois; and the historian has devoted many of the most interesting pages of his great work to what he heard from others, or witnessed himself, at the Court of the Count de Foix. Though he found him possessed of only the feudal County of Foix, and the free or allodial territory of Béarn, which were small in extent, when compared with the wide domains of the great princes around him, the Count de Foix, by his extraordinary skill, prudence and resources, had not only kept himself free from any

entangling alliances with them, but he had taken no part in their quarrels; and neither he, nor his people, had armed themselves in their wars. With some of his less powerful neighbours, he had had more than one difficulty, yet, in every trial of strength, they invariably got the worst of it; and, in the year 1362, he was attacked by the Count d'Armagnac and the Lord d'Albret, with other nobles of their party, but they were signally defeated and taken. Their ransoms yielded the Count de Foix a million of francs before they recovered their liberty.*

He amassed great treasures from no mere love of money, for no prince of his time lived at greater expense, or gave such frequent and magnificent presents to all strangers who visited him, and especially to all heralds and minstrels; but his wealth was a powerful element of strength in a ruler of such limited dominion, when surrounded by such turbulent neighbours as the Kings of France and England; and he inspired so much respect in both, by his ample means and his readiness to avenge a wrong as soon as it was inflicted, that his people were not only exempt from the incursions of the French and English soldiers, but even the dreaded *Free Companies*, who had little respect for anything else, "dared not touch a hen, without paying for it, that belonged to a

* *Chroniques Bearnaises*. par Miguel del Verms., pp. 582, 583. Edition of Buchon. *Les Chroniques de Froissart*, Liv. iii., p. 350. Edition Dacler-Buchon.

subject of the Count de Foix." He always kept his towns and castles so well garrisoned and supplied, that no one dared to enter his territories without his consent, and so prompt was his preparation, that on one occasion, when he apprehended an invasion, he suddenly threw into his different fortresses a force of twenty thousand men. He was always strong enough to reject what he thought prejudicial to his best interests; for, as he refused the tempting offer of the County of Bigorre, on the sole condition of doing homage for it to the King of France, so he rejected the demand of Edward, the Black Prince, to do like homage for the territory of Béarn; and a rupture was only prevented by the expedition into Spain, and the pacific counsels of Sir John Chandos. To maintain such a state, and to make such magnificent presents—for he annually spent in gratuities alone sixty thousand francs—his ordinary revenues were wholly insufficient, and as he commonly kept in his treasury at Orthez, a sum amounting to three millions of francs, he was necessarily obliged to tax his people heavily, by the imposition of two francs for each fire. This tax, though onerous, was paid by them without a murmur, as they knew how greatly superior their condition was to that of their neighbours; that they were not only protected from all injury without, but they found good order, peace and justice within their borders; and al-

though the judgments of their master were sometimes terribly severe, yet they were always impartial.

At the time of Foissart's visit, the Count de Foix was in his fifty-ninth year, and he is described as a man of great personal beauty, with a fine figure and commanding person, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion and a cheerful countenance. He spoke French correctly, and even wrote in that language.* He was regular in all the offices of devotion, and daily distributed alms with a liberal hand. He was kind and condescending in his manners, easy of access, courteous and communicative, though brief in his inquiries and answers. He loved dogs above all animals, and he was fond of hunting, both winter and summer.† He delighted, above all things, in feats of arms and tales of love. He was very fond of music, in which he was somewhat skilled himself, and he took great pleasure in making his clerks sing chansons, rondeaux and virelays before him. His hall was constantly filled with knights and squires, and there were always a number of tables set for those who would take supper, which was invariably served at midnight. The Count was rather abstemious in his habits; he seldom eat other meat than poultry, and of these only the wings and thighs, and he drank sparingly. He was prudent, farsighted and circumspect in his conduct, and he would have no jester, fool or favourite about him. He was

* "Of his literary efforts there remain a Chanson, in Bearnaise, and a Treatise on the Pleasures of the Chase, in French, with the following title:—*Le Miroir de Phibus des Desdruits de la Chasse des bestes sauvages et des oyseaux de proie, par Gaston Phibus de Foix, Seigneur de Bearn.*" See St. Palaye Memoire Sur L'ancienne Chevalerie, Tom. ii, p. 277, and p. 290, note 12 and Buchon's note to Froissart, Liv. iii, p. 119.

† "The Count de Foix then enjoyed the reputation of being a very skilful hunter. He kept a pack composed of from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred dogs. He procured them from all countries. Froissart carried him four greyhounds from England, of which he has given us the names: *Tristan, Hector, Brun and Rolland.*"—St. Palaye: Tom. ii. p. 277.

distinguished above all the princes of his time for his liberality, and he gave very costly presents, but he avoided all excess or extravagance, and no one knew better where to bestow his gifts, or what became of his own. In the collection of his revenue, he employed twelve trusted receivers, whom he changed for others, every two months, who were required to pay over their receipts, and account to a comptroller, who in turn had to account strictly with his master, "by rolls or written books," and leave the accounts with him for inspection. He kept certain coffers in his chamber, where, sometimes, but not always, he took the sums he wished to give to a lord, knight, squire, minstrel or herald, who came to visit him; for no one ever left him without a present. "In short," observes Froissart, "and everything considered, before I came to his court, I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts and noble dames, but I never was in any that pleased me better, or which was more delighted with feats of arms, than those of the Count de Foix. One could there see, in the hall, the chambers and the Court, knights and squires of honor come and go, and hear them talk of arms and love. All honour was there found; there news from every kingdom and country was heard; for there people came and collected from all parts, on account of the valor of the lord."*

It was not, however, in the nature of human things, that a life so prosperous, should be without its sorrows; and the Count de Foix was destined, like all his fellows, of high or low degree, to pass over "the Bridge of Sighs," to the tomb. As his virtues were the result of a noble nature, engaged on great questions, and

struggling successfully with the confused elements of society then existing around him, so his vices proceeded from the demoralizing influences of unchecked and long-continued prosperity. With all his wisdom, and prudence, and knowledge of men, he was imperious in his temper, and uncontrollable in his anger. When his suspicions were excited and his passions aroused, he could not be persuaded that any opinion could be right but his own, and he carried out the promptings of a savage spirit to the end. Summoning into his presence his cousin, Pierre Arnault de Berne, he required him, in order to oblige the Duke of Anjou, to surrender the Castle of Loundes, which he held under an oath to Edward III. of England; and when the Castellan refused, on the ground that he held it of the King of England, and he could not give it up without his order, the Count, black with rage, on finding one about him who had any other will than his own, hastily drew his dagger and stabbed him to death. But that was not the bloody deed which desolated his hearth, embittered the remainder of his life, sent the heir, for whom he had so painfully toiled, to an early grave, and gave his great treasures and his broad lands, to one whom he hated. This act was seldom spoken of at Orthez. The cautious knight from whom Froissart obtained the greater part of his information of the life and court of the Count de Foix, on this subject was silent. After much fruitless inquiry, the indefatigable chronicler wrung out of an old and well-known squire at Orthez, that the Count de Foix and his Countess, who was the sister of Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, had been, for a long time, totally estranged from each other. This

* Froissart, Liv. iii, p. 400; and Liv. iii, *passim*.

alienation, he was informed, arose from an offer of Charles to become the security for the Lord d'Albret, whom the Count then held in prison, for the sum of fifty thousand francs; but as the Count de Foix well knew the faithless character of his brother-in-law, he would not trust him for the amount, which so provoked the Countess, that on one occasion she said to her husband:

"My lord, you do little honour to my brother, when you refuse to trust him for fifty thousand francs, and you know that you ought to have assigned that sum for my dower, and put it into his hands, so that you cannot lose anything."

"Lady, you speak truly," replied the Count, "but if I thought the King of Navarre would divert that sum, the Lord d'Albret should never leave Orthez, until I had received the last farthing; but since you desire it, so it shall be done; not for love of you, but for the love of my son."

Upon this, the Count de Foix took the obligation of Charles the Bad, and discharged the Lord d'Albret, who paid the debt at his leisure, to the King of Navarre; but the latter never sent any portion of the money to the Count.

Whereupon the Count de Foix told his wife to go to her brother, and tell him that he was much displeased at his conduct, in withholding the money he had received for the ransom of the Lord d'Albret. The Countess willingly undertook the journey and delivered the message of her husband, to which the King of Navarre replied:

"My fair sister, this money is yours, for the Count de Foix ought

to endow you with it; but it shall never leave the kingdom of Navarre, while I have possession of it."

"Ah, my lord," replied the Countess, "you will cause great hatred between my lord and me; and, if you adhere to your purpose, I will not dare to return home, for my lord will slay me, saying that I have deceived him."

"I do not know," said the king, coolly, "what you will do, or whether you will go or stay. I now hold this money, which belongs to me, for you, but it shall never leave Navarre." This was the only answer that the Countess could ever get from him, and she never returned to Orthez.

Things remained in this state between husband and wife, up to the time that Gaston, their son, grew to the age of fifteen or sixteen years, when he was affianced to Beatrice, daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, who was called the "*gay Armagnacoise*," on account of her great beauty.* Gaston, himself, was a gallant young squire, and bore a strong resemblance to his father. In an evil hour he went to Navarre, to visit his mother, and after remaining some time with her, he returned by Pampeluna, to take leave of his uncle, who kept him for ten days, then sent him away with many presents, and among them was a beautiful purse, filled with powder. But before taking leave of him, he took the boy aside and said to him:

"Gaston, you must do what I am about to tell you; as you well know that the Count, your father, hates your mother, which greatly displeases me, and it should likewise

* Froissart says they were married.—Liv. iii, p. 401.—but it may be inferred from the immature age of the bridegroom, as well as from the plain import of the words of the Bernaise chronicler, who was, probably, better informed of a national event than Froissart, that the parties were only betrothed. *Et fot jurat lo matrimoni de Gaston et de la filha d'Armanhac son nom madona Beatriz, vulgarment appellada La gaya Armanhagnesa.*—Miguel del Verines, p. 587.

be so to you. Now, to restore all things to a proper footing between them, whenever you get the opportunity, put a little of this powder on the food of your father, but take care that no one sees you; for as soon as he has tasted it, he will never rest until he has seen your mother, and they will love each other so devotedly, forever after, that they will never again be separated. And take care that you do not disclose it to any one whomsoever, who may tell it to your father, for you will then lose all your trouble."

The boy readily promised to do what his uncle bade him. He then left Pampeluna and returned to Orthez, where he was kindly received by his father, who asked him about the news from Navarre, and what presents he had received; all of which he showed, except the purse of powder.

It happened at that time, that Gaston and his natural brother, Evan, who were about the same age and size, often slept together and wore each other's garments. On one occasion, while playing on their beds, they interchanged coats, and Gaston's coat with the purse fell upon Evan's bed. The latter, who was somewhat malicious, asked:

"Gaston, what is that you wear every day in your bosom?"

"Give me back my coat," replied Gaston, petulantly, "it is no business of yours."

Three days afterwards, however, while the boys were playing at tennis, Gaston got angry with Evan, and gave him a slap on the face, which put a stop to the game, and Evan entered, weeping, into the chamber of his father, who asked what was the matter. The boy replied that Gaston had beaten him, but that he deserved a beating worse than himself.

"Wherefore?" asked the Count

quickly, "By my faith," said the boy, "since his return from Navarre, he carries a little purse full of powder in his bosom; but I do not know what it is, or what he intends to do with it, except that he told me once or twice that his mother would soon be more in your favor than ever."

"Ah!" said the Count, deeply moved, "do you keep silent, and take care that you do not divulge to any one what you have told me."

The mind of the Count was at once filled with the darkest suspicions. He kept himself concealed until the hour of dinner, and then took his seat at the table, as usual. It was the habit of Gaston to serve the meats for his father and taste his food. As soon as he had placed the first dishes before him, the Count looked at him, and seeing the strings of the purse hanging from his coat, he ordered the boy to come nearer, and, taking a knife, he cut the strings and took the purse in his hand. "What is in this purse?" he asked.

The poor boy, who was taken completely by surprise, said not a word, but became pale with fear and commenced to tremble, for he felt that he was lost. The Count opened the bag, put some of the powder on a bit of bread and whistling up a grey-hound lying near him, he threw it to the dog. As soon as the hound had tasted the first morsel, it fell and instantly died.

In a moment, when the Count saw the effect of the powder on the dog, he hastily rose from the table, seized a knife, and was in the act of throwing it at his son, when several knights and squires sprang before the Count and entreated him to inform himself of the whole matter, before doing violence to the boy. Arrested for an instant, by the in-

terposition of his knights, he exclaimed, in his own Gascon tongue :

"Oh, Gaston, thou traitor! for you, and to increase the inheritance that soon would have been yours, have I waged wars and incurred the hatred of the Kings of France, England, Spain, Navarre and Arragon, and I have strenuously borne myself against them; and now, you would poison me. This comes of your perverse nature. Know, that you shall die by this blow."

Then, springing over the table, with his knife still in his hand, he attempted to kill the unresisting boy; but the knights and squires fell on their knees before him, and, in tears, begged for God's sake, not to slay Gaston, for he was his only child—that after full investigation it might appear that he did not know what the purse contained, and he might be innocent. This entreaty changed the purpose of the Count, who ordered Gaston to be imprisoned in the tower and strictly guarded; but his terrible wrath, turned away, for an instant, from his son, fell with frightful severity on the attendants of the youth. Many of them fled, but fifteen handsome and gallant young men of his court, were put to death in the cruellest manner, and for no better reason than that "it could not be otherwise, but they must have been acquainted with his secrets, and they ought to have made them known."

The Count was not satisfied with the doom of imprisonment he had imposed on his son, he therefore, called an assembly at Orthez, of the prelates, nobles, and other "notable men," of Foix and Béarn, informed them of the offence committed by his son, and expressed his opinion that he deserved death; but the assembly responded with no voice to this declaration, that Gaston must not be put to death.

This unanimous opinion of his people somewhat restrained the Count, so he decided to condemn his son to an imprisonment of two or three months and then send him to travel in foreign countries, for several years, until his crime should be forgotten. He then dismissed the assembly; but those of the County of Foix were unwilling to leave Orthez until the Count gave them full assurance that Gaston should not die. The unhappy boy was, however, subjected to a very rigorous imprisonment in the tower of Orthez, where he had little light, and with no one near to counsel or console him. He wore, without change, for ten days, the same garments which he had on when he entered the gloomy chamber of the prison; and he left, untouched, the food that was daily set before him. The servant who waited on him, seeing his melancholy condition, informed the Count that Gaston was starving himself, for he had eaten nothing since he entered his prison.

This report of the sad state of his son, which the stern father construed into mere stubbornness and an additional act of resistance to his authority, excited him to a fury of passion; and without saying a word, he left his chamber, and holding in his hand a long knife, which he commonly used for paring and cleaning his nails, he went to the prison. He opened the door and approached the terrified boy, holding the blade of his knife by the point, and so near it, that the length beyond his fingers was not greater than the thickness of a farthing: but, unhappily, in thrusting this point against the throat of his son, he struck a vein in the neck of the boy; exclaiming at the same time, "Ha, traitor, why do you not eat?" The Count upon this, left the prison, without saying or doing anything further; but it was enough: for the

poor boy, affrighted at the coming of his father, and weakened with fasting, feeling the knife at his throat, turned over, and then and there expired.

The Count had hardly re-entered his chamber, when he was informed by the servant who carried food to Gaston, that his son was dead. "Dead?" asked the Count, "May God help me! my Lord," affirmed the servant, "it is true." The now wretched father still would not believe the report, and he sent one of his knights, who was near, to ascertain the truth of it. The knight soon returned and confirmed the fact. Then the Count, saddened beyond measure, bitterly bewailed his death.

"Ah, Gaston!" he exclaimed, "what a poor adventure is this! It was an evil hour, for you and for me, when you went to visit your mother in Navarre. Never will I have again such perfect joy as I had before."

He then sent for his barber to shave him, and he clothed himself and all his household in black. "Thus took place," concludes the narrator of this sad event to Froissart, "what I have told you of the death of Gaston de Foix. His father certainly slew him, but the King of Navarre gave his death blow."*

The Count de Foix continued to be connected with many important affairs during the remainder of his life, but he was still governed by the same maxims of cautious prudence, which influenced his conduct in the earlier part of his career. He continued to amass great treasures, but he expended them liberally; though it may be inferred, that avarice was added to his other vices, from an incident

that occurred towards the conclusion of his days; and although it was in conformity with the practices of the times, it presents his character in no amiable light. It happened that Jeanne de Boulogne, the daughter of his cousin, Aliénor de Comminges and John, Count de Boulogne, had been left with him, by her mother, when a child of three years, and whom he had carefully watched over and nurtured until her twelfth year, when she was sought in marriage by the Duke of Berry, uncle of the King of France.† The old duke, who had lost his first wife, a sister of the Count d'Armagnac, after a failure to obtain the hand of a daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, turned his attention to the ward of the Count de Foix, and he pursued his object with a degree of avidity that was in just proportion to the apparent indifference of the Count.

To aid him in attaining his wish, the duke implored the assistance of the king and his brother, the Duke of Burgundy. The king laughed heartily at the project, as the Duke of Berry was then quite old, and said to him:

"Good uncle, what will you do with such a little girl? She is not more than twelve years old, while you are sixty. By my faith! it is a great folly for you to think of such a thing. Try and get her for your son John, who is young and growing up. The match is much more suitable for him than for you."

"My Lord," replied the duke, "that has been spoken of, but the Count de Foix will not listen to it; and, I believe, because my son comes from the d'Armagnacs, and they and the Count have no love for each other. But, as the daughter of Boulouge is young, I will

* Froissart Liv. iii, pp. 400, 404.

† This incident took place early in the reign of Charles VI.

spare her for three or four years, until she is a woman and grown up."

"But, perhaps," said the king, "she may not spare you," and he continued, still laughing: "Fair uncle, since you have set your heart so much on this marriage, we will cheerfully do our best to promote it."

The Count de Foix, who perceived the ardent desire of the Duke of Berry, treated vaguely and coldly about the marriage, and only replied by letters, which drew out the negotiations to great length; not that he was really op-

posed to the match, but he desired to get the best bargain out of the amorous old duke. So, at length, by the intercession of the king and the Duke of Burgundy, he agreed to give up the girl for thirty thousand francs—a recompense, as he alleged, for his wardship of nine years.*

Such was the man, with his virtues and defects, to whom Edward the Black Prince, entrusted the principality of Aquitaine, during his absence in Spain; and he could not well have left it to a stronger hand.

* Froissart, Liv. iii. p. 396, and pp. 757, 758. The Count de Foix died suddenly in the year 1391, while on a bear-hunt in the woods near Orthez. Ibid: Liv. iv. p. 119.

MATERNAL DREAM.

The mother prays in her heart, and eyes
Her slumb'ring infant with still delight;
In the cradle so calm, so dear he lies,
An angel he seems in her sight.

She kisses and fondles him, scarce herself,
All thought of the pains of earth departs,
Hope roves in a future of fame and wealth—
Such the dream of fond mothers' hearts.

Meanwhile at the window loud this lay,
The raven shrieks with his croaking brood
"Thy angel, thy angel shall be our prey!
The robber doth serve us for food!"

CHAMISSO.

ARIOSTO.

The days of Italy's glory are past and gone, and her patriot sons are wandering in foreign lands.

Let us turn our view to that country, and imagine ourselves living four centuries ago; then we would see the diminutive duchies and tiny principalities, as flourishing as empires and kingdoms of the present era. Bologna, Modena, Verona and Ferrara, were then courtly cities, with all the splendour, luxury and refinement that we have in much larger capitals now. We can scarcely believe it when we are told that the refined capital of Ferrara, attracted courtiers from every part of southern Europe; and it seems strange to hear of English students attending the law-lectures of the German Werner, on the institutes of the Byzantine jurist, lately dug up by the Pisans, from the ruins of Amalfi, in the Italian city of sausages and leaning towers. Yet this is not so strange as the account of the female professors who flourished in those days. It sounds like a myth to hear of female professors! There must be some mistake about it; they must have been merely school mistresses, or public readers as we have now; but when we are told that they donned the doctoral gown and pronounced their lectures orally, *ex cathedra*, to an audience of men, then we are compelled to admit that they were professors, in the widest sense of the term. In thinking of these lady professors, we naturally imagine them to be withered damsels of forty-five, at least, in amphibious costumes, or epicene garments, much like the bloomer of our day, and spectacles on their noses,

haranguing, in a shrill cracked voice, an audience of a hundred; but when we are told that these professors were young and beautiful, we smile with incredulity at the historian who tells it.

We hear of one *Novella d'Andrea*, in Bologna, who frequently occupied her father's chair, as professor of common law. She is represented as so beautiful that she placed a screen before her, lest the young men, her listeners, might be attracted more by her person than her words. If we mistake not, this is the same lady to whom Tom Moore alludes:

"A green baize veil was drawn before
her,
Lest if her charms were seen, the stu-
dents
Should let their young eyes wander o'er
her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence."

But Miss Novella was not the most wonderful of these sapient damsels. We hear that *Olympia Morata*, at the age of sweet sixteen, young, handsome and talented, actually assumed the professorial robe, and lectured on Greek and Latin literature in the University of Ferrara! And we are furthermore informed that these young ladies were modest, unassuming, and of winsome manners, and great piety withal. Would you know the sad history of this same fair Olympia, as given by the chroniclers? She was left an orphan in a cold and selfish world. A German physician offered his hand—she accepted it—quit her native land with much regret and torrents of tears, and after many wanderings with her husband, found a cold

home on the banks of the Neckar, in the quaint old hilly town of Heidelberg, now memorable only for its ruined *Schloss*, and leaky, giant wine cask, called the *Heidelberg foss*.

We are not yet done with the learned ladies of Northern Italy! There was a certain Dr. *Laura Bassi*, (LL. D., not M. D., was her title,) very skilled in mathematics and natural philosophy. A Mrs. *Manzolina* was professor of anatomy, and one of the most skilful surgeons of her day. (We wonder what her husband professed?—Perhaps he professed submission, and served as a subject for his better-half's experiments in vivisection, and answered for the *mannikin* and *phantom* in Madam's anatomical illustrations.)

The learned linguist, *Matilda Tambroni* was almost equal to Cardinal Mezzofanti, in her knowledge of the living tongues.

Vittoria Colonna was a noble lady of learning and virtue, and we must not fail to mention three who resembled Sappho and Laïs, more than any saints of the Christian Church I can mention, unless it is a Saint Magdalen; these are *Tullia d'Arazona*, Miss *Morosina* and Miss *Imperia*. Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, Cardinal Bembo, and the learned Sadaletto, can perhaps tell you more about them than I can.

To hear of the lady professors in our days, one would think these Italian times returning!

The fertile plains of Piedmont and the fairer fields of Lombardy now pay a tithe of their rich harvests into the fiscal coffers of imperial Austria. The marble palaces of Padova and Ferrara have long since fallen to decay, and the mirth that was once heard in them is hushed forever.

The humbled descendants of the dukes and magnates of the land,

now owe allegiance to the Vandals of the Danube. If the sounds of Torquato's rhymes is sometimes heard at summer midnight, from a solitary gondola, balancing on the barely rippled surface of the Canal Grande, under the Rialto, in the island city of the Adriatic, it is not so with Lodovico's lines. His harmonious cadences are quite forgotten by the common people in Ferrara now: the short rhymes of Metastasio, and Mercadente's music is much more familiar to their ears.

Except Milan and Turin, all of the cities of Northern Italy are much dilapidated. Ivy is creeping round the leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna; sea-moss is investing the damp walls of the Venetian *pallazzi*; grass, and nettles, and wormwood is investing the quiet and deserted streets of Lucca and Verona, and everything you see betrays the picture of decay. 'Tis a lovely sight to look on those towns as you descend the Alps; but when you enter them the illusion vanishes. The rivers, lakes and mountains are still lovely, but they are not the work of perishable man.

Reggio is a little town between Modena and Parma; 'twas here that *Lodovico Ariosto* first opened his infant eyes to the light of heaven, in the year 1474; but Ferrara was the scene of all his pleasures and all his sorrows.

The house of Este gave sovereignty to the city in those days. Dukes Alfonso and Ercole, and Cardinal Ippolito, were *genii loci* in Ariosto's time.

Ferrara was the theatre of many artists, sculptors, and literati; among the latter, were Tiraboschi, the historian of Italian literature; Muratori, the Antiquarian; Guarini, the poet, author of *Il pastor fido*; and last, not least, Torquato Tasso.

Ariosto was intended for the law;

but, instead of studying his profession, he read French and Spanish romances. Judge of the stern father's anger when he catches his son with these forbidden volumes! the prohibited books are consigned to the flames, in spite of Lodovico's tears and entreaties for their preservation. Deprived of his favorites, Plautus and Terence supply their place. These gave him a passion for the drama, and he took to writing comedies. History don't say how his father was reconciled to have these plays performed in his own house by his children, yet it says they were represented there.

Some years before Ariosto, there lived a rude poet named *Bojardo*, who wrote a poem called *Orlando Innamorato*. It was subsequently polished up by Berni. This poem gave our hero the subject of his epic, which is properly a continuation of Bojardo's Orlando.

Ariosto gave the title of *Orlando Furioso* to his production, the great work of his life. It was said he worked this poem over every year, like he did his garden, in order to make it perfect. A manuscript of it is yet to be seen in the library of Ferrara, much marked, erased and interlined. When the poem was first shown to Cardinal Ippolito by its author, the prince exclaimed, "where on earth Master Lodovico, have you scraped up so much nonsense?"

An anecdote is told of him, that when travelling in a wild part of the country infested by robbers, his party was attacked, and they might have suffered, had not the bandit learned from one of the servants that it was the poet Ariosto. The magnanimous brigand begged his pardon for the molestation, and let him pass on uninjured.

It must have been a kindred predatory band that caught Miss

Henrietta Sontag, on her way to Russia; and, finding they had the celebrated *cantatrice*, of whom they had heard so much in Berlin, in their possession, they carried the party to their cave, made the lady give them an impromptu subterranean concert, and released them without harm. So you see art and literature is often appreciated by barbarians and outlaws!

Ariosto was the first to write comedies in verse. These were represented in a theatre planned by himself.

Monastic vows prevented our poet taking to himself a lawful wife: the mother of his children was named Alessandra.

Orlando Furioso must have been an improvisation, at first, recited before the court at Ferrara, and subsequently corrected and published. Six editions were issued in the author's life-time, but he complained that the printers had assassinated him in every one of them, so miserable was the typography. The same might be said of many American books now in circulation, their pages are so full of errors.

Ariosto died at Ferrara in 1583. His marble monument may yet be seen in that city. It is adorned with the statues of Poetry and Glory. Kings and magnates of other lands make pilgrimages to this noted shrine of genius. Here is a description of Ferrara by Turnbull:

"In a wide and desolate plain, a few miles from the river Po, lies the once magnificent and polished capital of the ancient Duchy, now a faded and melancholy town, whose grass-grown streets and crumbling palaces give back the echoes of the stranger's foot, as in sombre mood, he traverses its smooth-flagged pavements."

"It once boasted of a hundred thousand inhabitants, now it counts scarcely one fourth the number. The principal streets are spacious, and handsomely adorned with superb old palaces. Long and narrow streets are found in other parts of the city, where the grass grows rank, and all is silent and desolate; not even a beggar, is seen limping lazily along."

On the poet's tomb, in the Benedictine Church, is his bust, from which lightning melted the laurel wreath of iron, without injuring the marble.

"Know that the lightning sanctifies below,
Whate'er it strikes: the bust is sacred now."

The poet did not love to travel. He spent most of his days in the house, built for him by his patron, the Cardinal. The cicerone will not fail to show you this, together with the surrounding garden, where he dreamed of haunted castles, love-lorn knights, beautiful maidens and Eden-bowers. In the Piazza Grande you may see—and this without the importunate and garrulous guide—the bronze statues of the two illustrious Dukes, Alfonso and Ercola.

Ariosto was a lover of the wild and beautiful; nature ever wooed him to her bosom; he delighted to ramble along streams and shady places; and he often refers to the happy days spent at the *Villa Mauriziana*, near Riggio, in his youth. The rural scenes there first fostered the spirit of poetry in his young imagination. Some friend expressed a wonder that he could content himself in his plain house, and in a city like Ferrara, when he could picture in his poems such mansions in other countries, and such heavenly abodes elsewhere. "Ah! you see, friend," said the poet, "it is so much easier to travel in imagination round the world, and visit

countries thus, than to take ships and diligences, and be troubled with inn-keepers!"

Many of us, who have tried the realities of travel, will be compelled to admit the sense of the poet's answer; for, though ships may be better now than they were in his day, and land conveyances better and hotels more convenient, yet sea-sickness remains, and tavern bills are as sure as death. In fact, the most pleasant journeys, are journeys in imagination. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, De Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, and Curtis' *Nile-Notes*, are much better than real travels. They are all ideal travels, and all travels must have a good deal of fiction in them to make them readable. I assure some of my hearers who have not been on the Rhine or the Nile, that it is vastly more pleasant, with a picture-book containing the legends of those streams, in a parlor, on a sofa, with a cheerful fire in the grate, supposing it is winter time, than at any season of the year, in a steamer on those famous streams!

I have tried it—so may you!

But where is poet Lodovico?

The Orlando, long, intricate and wearisome as it is, mirrors the manners of the age. One can imagine, from it, what society was at the time it was composed. The legends and romances of Provence furnished material for the poem; but it is worked up so intricately, agreeably and ingeniously, that the stories you have heard before are entertaining, as they are transposed by the Italian author.

Many critics condemn the work for that almost universal fault in the Italian literature of that age, namely, its licentiousness. These hypercritics must leave out Casti and Boccaccio, at least, when they call the poetry of Ariosto immoral!

will insert here. His father was in a terrible passion, when he caught him reading novels instead of studying law, and scolded him severely. His brother, who was present, asked him why he continued to read those romances, instead of pursuing his studies. His answer was so calm and reasonable, the brother said: Why did you not answer father so, when he was scolding you? Lodovico answered, "Because I am writing a comedy, in which I want to introduce an angry father; and if I had spoken when the old man was scolding me, I would have missed the very scene I wanted to catch." I give this anecdote as I get it, without vouching for its authenticity.

Previous to Ariosto there lived in Ferrara a noble named Bogardo, who wrote a poem called the *Orlando Innamorato*, which was very popular. It was unfinished, and it was feared that no one would undertake to finish it; this task was begun by our author, and even he has not brought it to a finish, for it seems he intended to continue it. Roland is not exactly crazy, but is merely called crazy Roland, to show that it is the long-desired sequel to Bogardo's poem.

It is evident from that epic, that Ruggero and Bradamante were to be the chief personages of the poem; and so Ariosto has taken them up, just as his predecessor has left them. Orlando's love for Angelica is continued in all its importance to the caption of the poem. Orlando's love and folly, and the wars between the Christians and Saracens, are constantly kept in view throughout the entire piece. It would be useless to try to give the analysis of the *Orlando Furioso*, the machinery is so complicated, and the characters so numerous. It seems to be a series of wild and extravagant stories, slightly connected; filled

with faries, witches, winged horses, and enchanted forests; women fighting and men fainting; and all such things. We may well ask, like Cardinal Este: "Where, Mr. Lewis, did you manage to scrape up so much nonsense?" Italian authors, in those days, were fond of strong imagery, like the Orientals, and our author has closely imitated them.

Besides his chief work, Ariosto wrote seven satires, five comedies, and a number of lyrics. The last are scarcely worth mentioning. They are condemned for gross obscenity; but how would it be otherwise, when the poet's unfaithful mistresses, and not the virgin muses, were the goddesses that inspired him? and when he took the loose verses of the minor Latin poets, as Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius and Gallus, for models?

The satires are better, and are far superior to those of Martial and Juvenal in delicacy of language and refinement of diction. He has not taken the coarse language of the vulgar, like the two Latin authors mentioned; but more in imitation of Horace, he uses the language of his rank and class to point his satires with. They were not published till after his death, and were in the form of epistles, addressed to intimate friends. In them we see the man as he was; with his weaknesses and his follies. As he does not spare himself, he is not kinder to other persons: he avows his own faults and laughs at those of others.

He knew human nature, and did not expect too much from erring creatures. His morality consisted in actions and not in words, a useful and practical kind, that tends to make men content with others as well as with themselves. To give some idea of the satires, I will take a cursory view of the one on *Marriage*, addressed to his intimate friend, Malaguzzi. He begins by

reproaching him for not letting him know of his intention to marry. I will attempt a prose translation of the words:

"I approve of marriage, though I am not a married man. Man is not complete without a woman at his side. With a pleasant home and a wife, a man has less temptations to sin. He who has no wife has never learned to love; he does not even know the worth of charity!"

Then he tells him he must not marry too late in life; and what kind of a person he must choose: as near as possible of his own rank and fortune, and ten or twelve years younger than himself. She must be cheerful and docile; agreeable and polite; never sad; she must never frown. About disparity in ages, he says:

"Di dieci anni, o di dodici, se fai
Per mio consiglio, sia di to minore;
Di pare o di più età, non la tor mai;
Perchè, passando, come pa, il migliore
Tempo, e i begli anni in lor prima che
in noi,
Ti parria vecchia, essendo anco tu in
fiore."

"You must, at least, be thirty; for then the passions yield more readily to the will. Let the wife hear Mass once a day; twice a year will be enough for confession." But the few lines quoted may be sufficient to give an idea of the style of the satires. It is not only the poetical

merit of the composition which is to be admired, but the sound practical suggestions which are offered to a friend, who was about to take a step on which depended mainly his future happiness for life.

The five comedies mentioned, bear the following titles: *La Casa-ria*; *I Suppositi*; *Il Negromante*; *La Cena*, and *La Scolastica*. The third mentioned is generally considered the best. Ariosto performed in these himself: Molière and Shakspeare were also actors of their own plays! There is most too much similarity in the plots of these plays. They do not represent the manners of the age, but ancient manners. They resemble Plautus and Terence, perhaps too much; but that is natural, considering that these two authors were his favourites, and that every thing pertaining to Greece and Rome, were enthusiastically admired at the time. And not only then, but even down to our day, subjects are taken from ancient history for plays. Not only Alfieri and Corneille, but Ponsard and Knowles, got the themes of tragedies from Greek and Roman history.

It is said by some that Ariosto received the laurel crown from the hands of Charles V.; it is certain he got a diploma from that monarch.

THE ANATOMY OF WORDS.

NO. II.

We have, in a preceding article, treated briefly of the morality of words. Not less important is their historical interest. In studying the components of this beautiful mosaic of our language, we shall frequently encounter words, which, when traced to their source, will be found to have had their origin in some curious, long-forgotten custom, the record of which is embalmed only in the etymology of the word. Here, laid away in the dusty archives of our language, lie slumbering rare and valuable historical facts, peculiar superstitions of the people, strange and romantic legends—keys, as it were, to chambers, within whose solemn retreats supreme and unbroken silence has reigned for ages—where the sunbeams sported a thousand years ago—where the world spent its youth and then, abandoned them forever. We are borne back—far, far back—as we stand among these musty relics of a dead and buried age. 'Tis pleasant to feel ourselves among them. 'Tis profitable to compare our lot with theirs. 'Tis well to know that the same joys and sorrows, the same weakness and frailty, the same hopes and fears marked the men of that primeval period, which characterize us, their descendants. Let us study, then, the history in words.

We have spoken of some peculiar custom being recorded in the meaning of a word. A very beautiful and well-known instance of this, is afforded by the old English term, curfew. We have all read Gray's Elegy.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," &c.,

and we all know that the curfew was the evening bell; but let us examine a little more closely. "Curfew" is derived from the two French words, "couvre-feu," and signifies "cover-fire." The word had its birth in the reign of William the Conqueror, who issued an order, that, at the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock at night, every one should put out his light and go to bed. But we have not reached the root of the matter yet, for the word does not mean, "put out the light." We who live in these days of lucifer matches, can hardly conceive of the trouble devolved upon our ancestors, by the necessity of keeping some fire always burning: for, if it ever went entirely out, very inconvenient expedients had to be resorted to, that it might be procured again. Their custom, consequently, was, to rake up the ashes so as to *cover the burning log*, which caused it to burn so slowly, that a fine bed of coals was left in the morning. This, therefore, gave rise to the name, "cover-fire"—"couvre-feu"—"curfew bell." The prevalence of this ingenious custom, at that time, leads us to look yet farther back, and to see where we can find it. Our researches carry us back about three thousand years. In the Odyssey of Homer, fifth book, four hundred and eighty-eighth line, occurs the following expression:

"ὥς ὅτε τις ὀάλῳν σπῆδι' ἐνέκρυψε
μελάνην
σπέρμα πυρὸς σῶζων."*

* "And as when any one hath concealed a torch in black ashes, preserving the seed of the fire!"

Horne Tooke, in the *Diversions of Purley*, gives an interesting, though disputed derivation of the word, *poltroon*. There are few of us, perhaps, who have not a bitter contempt for this character—for a *poltroon* is a dastardly coward. Our opinion is not improved by a knowledge of the origin of the word. In the period of the world, when bows and arrows formed a most effective species of weapon, and an archer was a very formidable opponent, base and cowardly men would very often maim themselves, by cutting off their right thumbs, so as to be unable to draw the bow-string, thereby rendering themselves incapable of military service. The Latin words, "*pollice truncus*"—"one who has deprived himself of his thumb"—pointed out one who was held in loathsome detestation by all. The contraction of these words, *paltroon*, is equally degraded.

There is an interesting historical fact, connected with the word "*salary*," which, we all know, is the remuneration paid for services rendered. The word is derived from "*sal*," the Latin term for salt, which was part of the pay of a Roman soldier. Here is a permanent record of the historical fact, that the Romans paid their soldiers partly in salt, preserved in this word. The phrase "he doesn't earn his salt," was probably as common then, as it is now.

"*Volume*," as applied to a book, is another one of these fossil words—skeleton remains of an idea, long, long ago, dead and buried. "*Volume*" is derived from the Latin verb, "*volvo*"—"to roll." A Roman book was a vastly different thing from a publication, hot from a press, in the nineteenth century. Long strips of parchment or some other material, covered with characters written by hand, were rolled around cylindrical sticks; and when the roll

became too bulky for convenience, the parchment was cut off, and another stick commenced upon. Each roll was called "*volumen*"—"that which is rolled," from "*volvo*," "to roll," and, hence, our "*volume*." The act of "cutting off," gave the Romans their word for volume: viz., "*tomus*," from the Greek, "*τέμνω*," "to cut."

Bible has, also, its tale to tell. This is from the Greek word, "*βιβλος*," which means, primarily, "the inner bark of the papyrus." As this material was used to write upon, the name was transferred to signify that which was written upon. We have contracted the meaning of the word to point out but one book: i. e., the book of books.

"*Paper*" also tells us that the Egyptian papyrus was once used to be written upon—and library from "*liber*," "a book," and that, from "*liber*," "inner bark," corroborates the fact.

From the word, "*fortnight*:" i. e., "*fourteen nights*," we learn that our ancestors measured time by nights, instead of days, as we do. "*Sennight*," contracted for "seven nights," or a week, is another trace of the same custom. In adjourning a court, the judge did not specify, "sit again on this day week," "but on this day sennight."

"*Gazette*" is derived from the Italian word, "*gazetta*," a Venetian coin, which was the price set upon the first newspaper. The word, denoting the price, became soon attached to the newspaper itself.

Nothing is more interesting than to track a word back to its primary signification, and then to watch its fortunes—the "ups and downs" in its meaning—through the passage of a long and chequered life. Various and eventful are the changes which we find occurring. Scions of lofty birth we shall see shorn of their glory. Gay gallants will be

found deprived of their feathers. Words, like men, have their vicissitudes, and an equally sad interest is felt, in watching the decay of a noble line, and of a high-born word. Let us study the history of one or two words, in this manner.

Far, far back, in the dim old days of classic Greece, a word took its rise, called "Κληρικὸς." It had its parentage in "Κληρος," "a lot," and meant "that which was inherited." Looking at the word a few years later, we find it to have undergone its first metamorphosis, and to mean, "a person set aside to a peculiar religious purpose or lot." Such were the Levites among the Jews. The next time we meet with our word, it has descended to Rome, where, under the slightly altered form of "clericus," it means a "priest," and is still a very honorable appellation. We next find it in England, where it was employed—the Latin, "clericus" being metamorphosed into "clerk," to denote a learned man—a scholar—a man of letters. The downward steps of our word are, henceforth, swift and frequent. From the designation of a scholar, it came to signify one who kept the records of a court; and, now, when you go into a candy-shop, you are, perhaps, waited upon by an urchin, whose nose is barely visible above the counter—whose functions are to sell candy, sweep the floor, and bring water: and here is the last state of our friend—"clerk."

Another example. In the old chivalric times of France and England, there was an officer, whose duty was, "to regulate all matters of chivalry, tilts, tournaments, and feats of arms which were performed on horseback." This functionary was called "Comes Stabuli," "Count of the Stable;" and his name was speedily corrupted into "constable." Recollecting the vast importance of

horses and horsemanship, in those feudal times, we are not surprised to find that the "count of the stable," or "constable," was an officer of prodigious power and influence. Indeed so formidable did he become, that his jurisdiction had to be curtailed in the reign of Richard II., and was entirely forfeited by Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in 1521. The eyes of all Europe were once turned upon a constable—viz., the great Bourbon of France, who sent a shudder of horror through the civilized world by sacking Rome, and trampling beneath his sacrilegious feet the holy power of the Catholic Church. Tracing the word down to later times, we find constable employed to designate the name of an important civil officer,—*e. g.*,

"Odd's life! says the Gridiron—can't ye agree,
I'm the Head-Constable—bring 'em to me!"

Transplanted to America, our word has experienced sad reverses. No bannered troop—no sound of martial music—no stately forms attend the poor constable of our age and country. Degraded into the most insignificant of all posts, the position is generally filled by persons of little or no estimation.

What a train of thought is started by the word, "*colporteur*," sometimes anglicized into "*colporter*!" We see them, now, with a small covered wagon, drawn, commonly, by one sorry horse, traveling about from village to village, from house to house, from plantation to plantation, industriously circulating the words of truth. How much more are our feelings enlisted, and admiration excited, when the derivation of the word "*collum*" and "*porto*"—"to carry upon the neck" calls up, before our mind's eye, the earnest pedestrian, plodding persistently along his weary way, with

his pack of books upon his shoulders, and his staff in his hand! The rain beats upon him, the wind buffets him, the sun scorches him, but he breasts his difficulties with fearless front; and, go where you will—through the forests of Maine, or the everglades of Florida, on the shores of the Atlantic, or amid the wilds of the west—the “colporteur” will be found, following close upon the tracks of the bearers of the “rifle, the axe, and the saddle-bags.”

The minstrels, of olden times, have long since disappeared from the earth.

“The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls,
As if that soul were fled.”

But, though the strains of his music are silent forever, the minstrel’s appellation is still alive—sunken and degraded, indeed, but breathing still. “*Jongleur*,” one of the names applied to this character, survives in “*juggler*.”

So “*Jestour*,” or “*Gester*”—one who sang the deeds, (“*Gesta*,”) both comic and tragic, of his master—still lives in “*jester*.”

“*Stranger*” bears the warrant of one who is unknown, from the fact that he is from the “*outside*,” *i. e.*, “*from abroad*”—(Latin, “*extra*.”)

We spoke just now, of the “*juggler*.” Akin to him is the “*Mountebank*.” How the name paints for us the picture of an impudent, glib-tongued varlet, who “mounts a bench, (Italian—“*montare*,” to mount, and “*banco*,” a bench,) or stage in the market-place, boasts of his skill in curing diseases, vends medicines, which he pretends are infallible remedies, and thus deludes the ignorant multitude!” “Nothing so impossible in nature but mountebanks will undertake.”

In connection with the history in words, we have to note a remarkable and somewhat disagreeable fact,

and that is the powerful tenacity with which slang phrases, oaths, &c., attach themselves to the language of a people. Not to take a worse example—observe the little ragged boy, who strolls idly along the street. Note him, as he whistles for want of thought, inadvertently bruises his shoeless foot against a stone. What does he do? He stoops down and says, “*ge-e-emi*!” Now, the dilapidated ejaculator of this expression little thinks that he is swearing an oath, which might have fallen from the lips of Horace, or enlivened the discourse of Cicero; and, yet, he is so doing. The oath, “*Per Geminos*!” “*By the Gemini*!” (signifying “*Twins*,” and alluding to Castor and Pollux,) burst from many a profane roué’s lips, in the old days of classic Rome, two thousand years ago.

Any one who has read the celebrated “*Georgia Senes*,” will recollect how frequently the characters are made to swear “*point blank*.”

“I’ll swear *pint blank*!” said Ransy Sniffle, &c.

In order to understand the force of this expletive, we must turn to a work upon gunnery, where we find “*point-blank*” to be a French term, derived from “*point*” and “*blanc*”—“a white point.” Now, in testing the cannon, a perfectly horizontal shot was directed at a white spot, put up for the purpose, and hence, a direct, straight shot came to be called a “*point-blank*” shot. The transition, thence, was easy, whereby an outright, direct expression was said to be made “*point blank*.”

Who thinks, when he swears, “*By Jingo*!” that he is taking in vain the name of a heathen deity? Yet the Basque language tells us that “*Jingo*” is a god among the speakers of it.

To ejaculate, "the Deuce!" is recognised as a species of *moral oath*—a safety-valve whereby the profanity of a tender conscience may find escape. But, in fact, "Deuce" is the Gallic name for an evil spirit—a demon—so, at least, Mr. Webster tells us, and quotes Augustine ("De Civ. Dei.")

"Quosdam daemones quos *dusios* Galli nuncupant."

"*Zounds!*" is another favorite expletive among those who must swear, by something; and, yet, this is, or was, a most blasphemous expression, for "*zounds*" is but a corruption of, "*By his* (viz., our Saviour's) *Wounds!*"

We shall, indeed, see that most of the common exclamations of this character, have their origin in some genuine, veritable oath. We instance a few more: "*The Dickens!*" is for "*The Devil!*"—"Odd's Death," for "*God's Death!*"—"Perdy!" for "*Par Dieu!*"—"Gramercy!" for "*Grand Merci!*" and "*The Nation!*" an Americanism, for "*Damnation!*" "*Hocus pocus,*" is a contraction for "*Hoc est corpus,*" and is supposed to have been abbreviated thus by the ignorance of the monks. "Fudge!" some reader may say. Exactly! "Fudge"

took its rise, according to Disraeli's account of it, from one Captain Fudge, commander of a merchantman, who, upon his return from a voyage, how ill-fraught soever, his ship, always brought home his owners a good cargo of lies; so much that, now, aboard ship, the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, "*You Fudge it!*"*

And so we might go on, and show that all ages and countries have united their contributions to erect this mighty fabric of our language. Here are blocks of Parian marble from the long-neglected quarries of classic Greece—here are pillars from the now-forsaken ruins of imperial Rome—here are massive beams from the forests of Germany—delicate gilding from Paris—and, here, too are huge foundation-stones, laid by our sturdy Anglo-Saxon progenitors. Not dumb and voiceless stones are these, either. Each has its tale of joy or woe to tell—each has its inscription of rare, curious and valuable information—each is a statue, like the fabulous Memnon, giving forth to the rising, warming sun-beams of philosophical inquiry, strains of deep, swelling melodious music.

PINING FOR HOME.

A PINE in the north stands lonely
Upon a barren height,
And, sleeps by the snow and frost wrapt
In covering of white.

And there of a palm he dreameth,
That far 'mid eastern lands,
On rock of the burning desert,
A silent mourner stands.

HEINE.

* Rambles among words.

FACTS, ANECDOTES, INTERESTING QUOTATIONS, AND LITERARY ESTRAYS,
ENCOUNTERED IN THE BY-WAYS OF READING.

The Foundation of Scott's Guy Mannering.—In the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," for July, 1840, a correspondent, dating from BOLTON, enters into a consideration of the notices which Sir Walter Scott and other parties have given respecting the foundation of the tale of *Guy Mannering*.

He endeavors to prove that Scott was himself mistaken in his recollections upon the subject, and that this novel must, in reality, have been founded upon the story of James Annesley, with which all who have read *Peregrine Pickle* must be, in some measure, acquainted.

He adds a narrative of this remarkable case, made up from various authentic sources, and employing, as far as possible, the language of the original authorities. We reprint this narrative:

"Lord and Lady Altham, of Dunmain, in the County of Wexford, had been for many years married and childless, when, in the year 1715, their warmest hopes and wishes were realised by the birth of an heir to their estates and title. On that joyful evening, the hospitality of the house of Dunmain was claimed by a young gentleman travelling from Dublin, named 'Master Richard Fitzgerald,' who joined Lord Altham and his household in drinking the healths of the 'lady in the straw,' and the long-expected heir, in the customary social manner. It does not appear that Master Fitzgerald was learned in astrology, or practised

any of the 'black arts,' or that he used any spell with reference to the infant more potent than these hearty libations and sincere good wishes for his future prosperity. Next day, before leaving the hospitable mansion, the little hero of this tale was presented to the stranger, who 'kissed him, and gave the nurse half a guinea.'

Of Fitzgerald, we have only to add, that he entered the army, and became a distinguished officer in the service of the Queen of Hungary; and that twenty-eight years afterwards he returned to Ireland, to assist in recovering for his former infantile friend the estates and titles of his ancestors, which had been for many years iniquitously withheld from him.

Lord and Lady Altham lived unhappily together, and a separation took place soon after the birth of their son. Her ladyship, shamefully neglected by her husband, resided in England during the remainder of her life, and, from disease and poverty, was reduced to a state of extreme imbecility both of body and mind.

James Annesley, the infant son of this unhappy mother, was intrusted by Lord Altham to the charge of a woman of indifferent character, named Joan or Juggy Landy. Juggy was a dependent of the family, and lived in a cabin on the estate, about a quarter of a mile from the house of Dunmain. This hut is described as a 'despicable place, without any furniture except a pot, two or three trenchers, a

couple of straw beds on the floor,' and 'with only a bush to draw in and out for a door.' Thus humbly and inauspiciously was the boy reared, under the care of a nurse, who, however unfortunate or guilty, appears to have lavished upon her young charge the most affectionate attention. From some unexplained cause, however, Juggy Landy incurred the displeasure of Lord Altham, who took the boy from her, and ordered his groom to 'horsewhip her,' and 'to set the dogs upon her,' when she persisted in hovering about the premises to obtain a sight of her former charge.

Lord Altham now removed with his son to Dublin, where he appears to have entered upon a career of the most dissipated and profligate conduct. We find him reduced to extreme pecuniary embarrassment, and his property become a prey to low and abandoned associates; one of whom, a Miss Kennedy, he ultimately endeavoured to introduce to society as his wife. This worthless woman must have obtained great ascendancy over his lordship, as she was enabled to drive James Annesley from his father's protection, and the poor boy became a houseless vagabond, wandering about the streets of Dublin, and procuring a scanty and precarious subsistence 'by running of errands and holding gentlemen's horses.'

Meantime, Lord Altham's pecuniary difficulties had so increased as to induce him to endeavor to borrow money on his reversionary interest in the estates of the Earl of Anglesey, to whom he was heir-at-law. In this scheme he was joined by his brother, Captain Annesley, and they jointly succeeded in procuring several small sums of money. But as James Annesley would have proved an important legal impediment to these transactions, he was represented to some

parties to be dead; and where his existence could not be denied, he was asserted to be the natural son of his lordship and of Juggy Landy.

Lord Altham died in the year 1727, 'so miserably poor that he was actually buried at the public expense.' His brother, Captain Annesley, attended the funeral as chief mourner, and assumed the title of Baron Altham; but when he claimed to have this title registered, he was refused by the king-at-arms, 'on account of his nephew being reported still alive, and for want of the honorary fees.' Ultimately, however, by means which are stated to have been 'well known and obvious,' he succeeded in procuring his registration.

But there was another, and a more sincere mourner at the funeral of Lord Altham than the successful inheritor of his title: a poor boy of twelve years of age, half-naked, bareheaded and barefooted, and wearing, as the most important part of his dress, an old yellow livery waistcoat, followed at an humble distance, and wept over his father's grave. Young Annesley was speedily recognised by his uncle, who forcibly drove him from the place, but not before the boy had made himself known to several old servants of his father, who were attending the corpse of their late lord to the tomb.

The usurper now commenced a series of attempts to obtain possession of his nephew's person, for the purpose of transporting him beyond seas, or otherwise ridding himself of so formidable a rival. For some time, however, these endeavours were frustrated, principally through the gallantry of a brave and kind-hearted butcher, named Purcel, who, having compassion upon the boy's destitute state, took him into his house, and hospitably maintained him for a considerable time;

and on one occasion, when he was assailed by a numerous party of his uncle's emissaries, Purcel placed the boy between his legs, and stoutly defending him with his cudgel, resisted their utmost efforts, and succeeded in rescuing his young charge.

After having escaped from many attempts of the same kind, Annesley was at length kidnapped in the streets of Dublin, dragged by his uncle and a party of hired ruffians, to a boat, and carried on board a vessel in the river, which immediately sailed with our hero for America, where, on his arrival, he was apprenticed as a plantation slave, in which condition he remained for the succeeding thirteen years.

During his absence, his uncle, on the demise of the Earl of Anglesey, quietly succeeded to that title and immense wealth.

While forcibly detained in the plantations, Annesley suffered many severe hardships and privations, particularly in his frequent unsuccessful attempts to escape. Among other incidents which befel him, he incurred the deadly displeasure of one master, in consequence of a suspected intrigue with his wife—a charge from which he was afterwards honourably acquitted. The daughter of a second master became affectionately attached to him, but it does not appear that this regard was reciprocal. And, finally, in effecting his escape, he fell into the hands of some hostile negroes, who stabbed him severely in various places; from the effects of which cruelty he did not recover for several months.

At the end of thirteen years, Annesley, who had now attained the age of twenty-five, succeeded in reaching Jamaica in a merchant vessel, and he immediately volunteered himself as a private sailor on

board a man-of-war. Here he was at once identified by several officers; and Admiral Vernon, who was then in command of the British West India fleet, wrote home an account of the case to the Duke of Newcastle (the premier), and, 'in the mean time, supplied him with clothes and money, and treated him with the respect and attention which his rank demanded.'

The Earl of Anglesey no sooner heard of these transactions on board the fleet, than he used every effort to keep possession of his usurped title and property, "and the most eminent lawyers within the English and Irish bars were retained to defend a cause, the prosecution of which was not as yet even threatened."

On Annesley's arrival in Dublin, "several servants who had lived with his father came from the country to see him. They knew him at first sight, and some of them fell on their knees to thank Heaven for his preservation—embraced his legs, and shed tears of joy for his return."

Lord Anglesey became so much alarmed at the probable result of the now threatened trial, that he expressed his intention to make a compromise with the claimant, renounce the title, and retire into France; and with this view he commenced learning the French language. But this resolution was given up, in consequence of an occurrence which encouraged the flattering hope that his opponent would be speedily and most effectually disposed of.

After his arrival in England, Annesley unfortunately occasioned the death of a man by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece which he was in the act of carrying. Though there could not exist a doubt of his innocence from all intention of such a deed, the cir-

cumstance offered too good a chance to be lost sight of by his uncle, who employed an attorney named Gifford; and with his assistance use every effort at the coroner's inquest, and the subsequent trial, to bring about a verdict of murder. In this, however, he did not succeed, although he 'practised all the unfair means that could be invented to procure the removal of the prisoner to Newgate from the healthy jail to which he had been at first committed;' and though 'the earl even appeared in person on the bench, endeavouring to intimidate and browbeat the witnesses, and to inveigle the prisoner into destructive confessions,' Annesley was honourably acquitted, after his uncle had expended nearly one thousand pounds on the prosecution.

The trial between James Annesley, Esq., and Richard Earl of Anglesey, before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice, and the other Barons of the Exchequer, commenced on the 11th November, 1743, and was continued for thirteen days. The defendant's counsel examined an immense number of witnesses, in an attempt to prove that Annesley was the illegitimate son of the late Baron Altham. The jury found for the plaintiff; but this did not prove sufficient to recover his title and estates: for his uncle 'had recourse to every device the law allowed, and his powerful interest procured a writ of error which set aside the verdict.' Before another could be brought about, Annesley died without male issue, and Lord Anglesey consequently remained in undisturbed possession.

It is presumed that the points of resemblance between the leading incidents in the life of this unfortunate young nobleman, and the adventures of Henry Bertram in

Guy Mannering, are so evident, as to require neither comment nor enumeration to make them apparent to the most cursory reader of the novel. The addition of a very few other circumstances will, it is believed, amount to a proof of the identity of the two stories.

The names of many of the witnesses examined at the trial have been appropriated—generally with some slight alteration—to characters in the novel. Among others, one of them is named *Henry Brown*, while *Henry Bertram*, *alias Vanbeest Brown*, is the hero of the story. An Irish priest was examined, named *Abel Butler*, while we find *ABEL Samson* in 'Guy Mannering,' and *Reuben Butler* in the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian'—all three corresponding in profession as in name. Gifford and Glossin, although somewhat alike in patronymic, resemble each other still more in character and the abuse of their common profession: Gifford had an associate in iniquity named 'Jans,' while 'Jans Janson' is the *alias* assumed by Glossin's accomplice, Dirk Hatterick. Again, we find *Arthur Lord Altham* and *Mr. MacMullan* in the history, and *Arthur Melville, Esq.*, and *Mr. MacMorlan* in the fiction. *Kennedy* and *Barnes* appear unaltered in each.

A remarkable expression used by one of the witnesses in reference to Annesley—'*He is the right heir if right might take place*'—has probably served as a hint for the motto of the Bertram family, '*Our right makes our might*.' "

The following on "Life, Death, and Eternity," is translated from a poem by Don Jorge Manrique, a Castilian nobleman of the fourteenth century.

The translation originally ap-

peared in an article on the Romantic and Lyrical poetry of Spain, issued in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

The translator observes that the "morality of this piece is of too trite a nature to work an effect upon all minds, yet it is impossible to help being impressed by its majestic march of verse, which reminds us of some of the best writings of the English poets of the seventeenth century."

Arise, my soul! awake! arise!
Shake off thine idle earthly dreams,
And think how soon
The longest human lifetime flies, [deems
How soon the Hand which gave, re-
Its mystic boon!—
How swiftly pleasure's gorgeous cheats,
And Power's colossal pomps and lures,
Are lost in gloom,
Till even their faintest memory fleets,
And man first finds that nought endures
But God and Doom!

Time summons, and our nights and days,
With all their hollow hopes and joys,
Their tears and mirth,
Go home by dark and trackless ways.
And join the years that roll'd ere Troy's
Renown had birth.
Forth flow the moments, dusk or bright,
And, as their unresounding stream
Departs away,
With each successive wavelet's flight
Some fragment of life's glittering dream
Grows dim for aye!

Like silent rivers hurrying on [and flow
Through storm and calm, through ebb
To ocean's breast,
Illusions leave us one by one,
Long ere the heart itself lies low
In dreamless rest.
Youth, Pleasure, Glory, Genius, Love,
Burn bright awhile, then wane and die,
Like those long trains
Of meteor lights that flash above—
And starless blackness, as on high,
Alone remains!

This world is but a thoroughfare,
A road by which we all must go
To reach our home;
Some dance along, some droop in care,
But all wend on, both high and low,
Both sage and mome.
Our pilgrimage begins in tears,
And sorrows throng our thorny way
Even from our birth,
Till, having reached the Vale of Years,
We bow to Death, who blends our clay
With that of earth.

Oh, Beauty! thou that laughest now
With radiant eyes and rosy lips,
Made glad by Health, [brow,
What rueful change will wrong that
When age comes down like night and
Thee of thy wealth! [strips
Oh, garnish'd as thou art to-day,
And revelling in the consciousness
Of youthful charms,
How wilt thou shrink when wan Decay,
That grisly bridegroom comes to press
Thee in his arms!

The bright cerulean Gothic blood.
The royal names, the lords of old,
Are gone and past:
So all that breathe of base and good,
Of strong and frail, of mean and bold,
Sink too at last.
Some fall by craft, more yield to strength,
Disease, want, war, and broken hearts
Sweep off the mass,
But all meet in that house at length.
To which, despite of arms and arts,
Even kings must pass.

A few, indeed, by force or fraud, [peers;
Grow strong in power beyond their
But, mark them well:
Even while their parasites applaud,
And see with what dark doubts and
'Tis theirs to dwell! [fears
Inveterate feuds and jealousies
Empoison their best hours of life;
And fortunate
Are they, if having lived through these.
They meet not from the assassin's knife
Their final fate!

But, grant they taste of perfect bliss—
All mundane triumphs have their term,
And cannot stay;
The loftier height, the lower abyss,
And Pleasure's core conceals the germ
Of sure decay.
Oh, what can Luxury do to save
Her votary, when, coerced by Fate,
He nears his goal?
What power hath Pomp beyond the grave
Where vain Remorse and Horror wait
The slothful soul?

The social joys, the hallow'd loves,
That gird life's twilight pathway round,
Are cloister-walls:
Wo then to him who madly roves
Beyond!—he treads forbidden ground,
Where Virtue falls!
And, oh! if even the just would flee
That last dread hour for human dust,
Too oft forgot,
What must the sinner's death-bed be?
Yet, saints or sinners, die we must,
Absolved or not.

The tales are old of human change—
Books tell of sumptuous emperors reft
Of lands and throne,

Kings driven to toil in field or grange,
And gallant lords disgraced, and left
To die alone;
And this we weep or wonder o'er:
Yet mightier changes far than aught
Which history shows,
Are hourly wrought by Death before
Our eyes, and no man spends a thought
A word on those!

In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon,
What heroes flourish'd once, of whom
No trace remains! [Gone!
Where now is Rome the Thund'ress?—
Where is her history? Veil'd in gloom,
Like ancient Spain's!
But wherefore speak of elder times—
Why marvel that their name and fame
No more exist—
When even the glories, wars, and crimes
Of recent years are gone the same,
And hid in mist!

Oh, Man, thou self-deluder! canst
Thou dupe thy soul in Youth with hope
Of golden years?
Alas! ere more than half advanced
On life's rough road, thou hast to grope
Thy way in tears!
A faint light glimmers now and then
Through Manhood's hour, perchance
to cheer
Thy pilgrimage;
But darkness clouds the scene again,
And tenfold night anon draws near
In palsied Age!

For me no formal tome I cite,
No grave, elaborate moralist,
No poet-lays;
For he who turns to such for light
Meets but at best a dazzling mist,
That mocks his gaze.
I raise my thoughts in prayer to God,
I look for help in Him alone
Who shared our lot—
The Mighty One of heaven, who trod
Life's path as man, though earth, His
Received Him not! [own,

I turn to Him, and ask for nought
Save knowledge of His heavenly will,
Whate'er it be:
I seek no doubtful blessings, fraught
With present good, but final ill
And agony.
Come death or life, come weal or wo,
Whate'er my God elects to send
I here embrace;
Blest while, though tortured on the wheel
I forfeit not, or worse, mispend
His holy grace.

Yes, awful and eternal power,
I bend before Thy judgment-seat
In spirit now!

O'er-leaping life, I front the hour [feet
When this pale world shall melt and
Before Thy brow!
Then sift me here, oh, Love Divine!
By penances and charity,
By faith and prayer;
So shall my soul in death be Thine,
And, soaring up to heaven and Thee,
Dwell ever there.

Here is a curious account (from Chambers' Journal), of the dreadful plague of the fourteenth century, commonly known as the "Black Death."

"During eight years in the middle of the fourteenth century, the world is thought to have lost a fourth part of its inhabitants by a pestilence which, like our late visitation of cholera morbus, broke out in the East, and extended into Europe, where it was known by the terrible name of the *Black Death*."

"It is remarkable that the countries where this pestilence originated, and to which it spread, were visited for some years before with an unusual amount of physical calamity. Earthquakes, inundations, and failures of crops, were the chief forms in which the evil appeared. It is more than probable that the effects thereby produced, in lessening the alment and harassing the minds of the people, were conducive, if not to the rise, at least to the extension of the pestilence."

"According to the learned Dr. Hecker, whose history of the Black Death we propose to follow,* the malady originated in China, whence it moved westwards, in an unbroken though not even line of route, involving in destruction each successive country to which it came. A year or two were occupied in the transit, and it reached the Med-

* "The Black Death of the Fourteenth Century. Translated from the German of I. F. O. Hecker, M. D., by G. B. Babington, M. D." Schloss: London. 1833.

iterranean at the close of 1347. Dr. Hecker thinks it possible that the disease itself might not be given to Europe by actual contagion; but that the 'corruption of the atmosphere came from the East,' is not to be doubted. The Black Death appeared in Cyprus and Sicily in the end of 1347; in 1348, it visited Avignon; during the early part of the same year, it spread through France and Germany; in August, it reached England. In 1349, it attacked Poland, Sweden and Denmark; and in Russia it appeared in 1351. Thus the disease is seen not to have broken out simultaneously, nor to have followed a direct course.

"The Black Death (says Hecker, was an Oriental plague, marked by inflammatory boils and tumours of the glands, such as break out in no other febrile disease,' and accompanied by black spots, indicative of putrid decomposition. Burning heat and thirst, with black mouth and throat, were also among the symptoms, which are so far those of ordinary eastern plague. In from twelve hours to six days, the sufferers died. The disease was fearfully contagious. Not only the sufferer, but any article of clothing, or furniture, or any animal, which he had touched for an instant, gave the malady with certainty to others.

"The mortality caused by this pestilence was enormous. Calculating Europe, then, to contain about one hundred millions of people, Professor Hecker sets down the loss of lives at *twenty-five millions*. It was reported to Pope Clement, that in Asia, exclusive of China, twenty-three millions of people had perished. 'India was nearly depopulated.—Tartary was covered with dead bodies.' We cannot guess at the precise loss in Africa, but it is known that Cairo lost daily, when the plague was at its height, 15,

000 persons. Annalists say that England retained but a tenth part of its population after the cessation of the mortality. This is next to incredible, yet we learn that a single burial ground of London received 50,000 corpses. Norwich lost 51,000 people; Venice, 100,000; Florence 60,000; Siena, 70,000; Paris, 50,000; and Avignon 60,000. In Germany, 124,000 Franciscan friars died, and in Italy 30,000 Minorites. Two queens perished in France, two princes in Sweden, and Alphonse XI. of Spain, was one of the victims. The churchyards were soon filled every where, and, at Avignon, the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhone for the reception of the dead. From 1347 to 1350, Europe remained more or less under this frightful scourge, Russia only being afflicted at a later date. Occasional relapses took place down till 1383, but were not attended with much mortality.

"Some of the features of the time, as described by contemporary annalists, are of a sufficiently striking nature. Ships, in which the whole crew had perished during their voyages, were seen drifting unmanned through the ocean, or going to pieces on the shores. Merchants of great wealth coldly and willingly renounced their goods, or, carrying their treasures to monasteries, besought the prayers of the monks, who, however, cared not to receive what, equally with less valuable articles, was calculated to communicate death. 'When the evil had become universal,' says Boccaccio, speaking of Florence, 'the hearts of all the inhabitants were closed to feelings of humanity. They fled from the sick and all that belonged to them, hoping by these means to save themselves. Others shut themselves up in their houses, with their

wives, their children, and households, living on the most costly food, but carefully avoiding all excess. None were allowed access to them; no intelligence of death or sickness was permitted to reach their ear; and they spent their time in singing and music, and other pastimes. Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all descriptions, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them, as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds. In this way they endeavoured to avoid all contact with the sick, and abandoned their houses and property to chance, like men whose death-knell had already tolled.

"Amid this general lamentation and wo, the influence and authority of every law, human and divine, vanished. A vast number of official persons had been carried off by the plague, or lay sick, or had lost so many members of their families, that they were unable to attend to their duties; so that thenceforth every one acted as he thought proper. Others, in their mode of living, chose a middle course. They ate and drank what they pleased, and walked abroad, carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, or spices, which they smelt from time to time, in order to invigorate the brain, and to avert the baneful influence of the air, infected by the sick, and by the innumerable corpses of those who had died of the plague. Others carried their precaution still farther, and thought the surest way to escape death was by flight. They, therefore, left the city; women as well as men abandoning their dwellings and their relations, and retiring into the country. But of these,

also, many were carried off, most of them alone and deserted by all the world, themselves having previously set the example. Thus it was that one citizen fled from another—a neighbour from his neighbours—a relation from his relations; and in the end, so completely had terror extinguished every kindlier feeling, that the brother forsook the brother—the sister the sister—the wife her husband—and, at last, even the parent his own offspring—and abandoned them, unvisited and unsoothed, to their fate. Those, therefore, that stood in need of assistance, fell a prey to greedy attendants; who, for an exorbitant recompence, merely handed the sick their food and medicine, remained with them in their last moments, and then frequently became themselves victims to their avarice, and lived not to enjoy their extorted gain. Propriety and decorum were extinguished among the helpless sick. Females of rank seemed to forget their natural bashfulness, and committed the care of themselves, indiscriminately, to men and women of the lowest order. No longer were women, relatives or friends, found in the house of mourning, to share the grief of the survivors—no longer was the corpse accompanied to the grave by neighbours and a numerous train of priests, carrying wax tapers and singing psalms, nor was it borne along by other citizens of equal rank. Many breathed their last without a friend to soothe their dying pillow; and few, indeed, were they who departed amid the lamentations and tears of their friends and kindred. Instead of sorrow and mourning, appeared indifference, frivolity, and mirth: this being considered, especially by the females, as conducive to health. No proper regulations were made, or could be enforced, for the dis-

posal of the dead, who were generally taken out and laid on the streets, where 'the early morn found them in heaps, exposed to the affrighted gaze of the passing stranger.'

"In other parts of the world, the conduct of the people was marked by a terrible contrition and the wildest extremes of fanaticism.— 'There first arose in Hungary, and afterwards in Germany, the brotherhood of the Flagellants, called also the Brethren of the Cross, or Cross-bearers, who took upon themselves the repentance of the people, for the sins they had committed, and offered prayers and supplications for the averting of this plague. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lower class, who were either actuated by sincere contrition, or who joyfully availed themselves of this pretext for idleness, and were hurried along with the tide of distracting frenzy. But as these brotherhoods gained in repute, and were welcomed by the people with veneration and enthusiasm, many nobles and ecclesiastics ranged themselves under their standard and their bands were not unfrequently augmented by children, honourable women, and nuns; so powerfully were minds, of the most opposite temperaments, enslaved by this infatuation. They marched through the cities, in well-organized processions, with leaders and singers; their heads covered as far as the eyes; their look fixed on the ground, accompanied by every token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They were robed in sombre garments, with red crosses on the breast, back, and cap, and bore triple scourges, tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed. Tapers and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold, were carried be-

fore them; wherever they made their appearance, they were welcomed by the ringing of the bells; and the people flocked from all quarters to listen to their hymns, and to witness their penance with devotion and tears. In the year 1349, two hundred Flagellants first entered Strasburg, where they were received with great joy, and hospitably lodged by the citizens.— Above a thousand joined the brotherhood, which now assumed the appearance of a wandering tribe, and separated into two bodies, for the purpose of journeying to the north and to the south. For more than half a year new parties arrived weekly; and, on each arrival, adults and children left their families to accompany them, till at length their sanctity was questioned, and the doors of houses and churches were closed against them. At Spire, two hundred boys, of twelve years of age and under, constituted themselves into a brotherhood of the Cross, in imitation of the children, who, about a hundred years before, had united, at the instigation of some fanatic monks, for the purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. All the inhabitants of this town were carried away by the illusion; they conducted the strangers to their houses with songs of thanksgiving, to regale them for the night. The women embroidered banners for them, and all were anxious to augment their pomp; and at every succeeding pilgrimage, their influence and reputation increased. It was not merely some individual parts of the country that fostered them: all Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Silesia, and Flanders, did homage to the mania; and they at length became as formidable to the secular as they were to the ecclesiastical power.*

* Dr. Hecker.

"The Flagellants were not a new order, but a revival of one which had before existed. The brothers scourged their half-naked bodies in market-places and other public spots, singing psalms at the same time, and uttering loud prayers. Some subtle imposter was usually their leader, and deceived them with pretended messages from above. The church grew alarmed. The Pope excommunicated them; and the inferior clergy became, from being their supporters, their most zealous persecutors. They were ultimately suppressed, but not till they had done much evil; for their processions lasted through the plague, and undoubtedly conducted in no small degree to the spread of infection.

Another display of the fanatical spirit at this era, consisted in the persecution of the Jews of Europe. The cruelties to which this unhappy race were then subjected, are described as having been almost unparalleled. The reader who wishes further information on this point, may turn to a late article entitled the Anti-Hebrew Epidemic.

The Black Death set the medical art at defiance. In many recorded instances, the physicians of the age did their duty nobly, as regarded personal exposure; but how can we expect to find them treating the disease rationally, when we learn that almost every one of them held the belief, that "a grand conjunction of the three superior planets, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of the Aquarius, in March, 1345, was the cause of the pestilence?" Separation, and the avoidance of all contact with things touched by the infected, was the only fixed medical rule, yet it was not carried into effect by public and general consent. Of the actual cause and real nature of the Black Death, it is impossible, from the imperfect ac-

counts before us, to form any correct estimate; but it may be rationally concluded to have been occasioned by some species of atmospheric derangement, to this day beyond the ken of science, operating originally upon frames reduced by physical privations and mental excitement, and afterwards extending by contagion to the healthy. Some of its effects, in the arresting of wars, and the patching up of truces, were of a remarkable nature. By a reduction of the population, it caused such a rise in the price of labour, as Edward III. of England deemed it necessary to repress, by severe regulations, all of which are believed to have been vain. Nevertheless, it was remarked that, in a wonderfully short space of time, the population of Europe had reached nearly its former limits.

By *bon-mot* is literally signified a good-word, or, as we may translate it, a happy saying, or some kind of an observation which is at once witty and to the point. Some nations excel in uttering bon-mots, but none more so than the French and Irish—both of whom possess that liveliness of fancy that carries them on to cleverness of repartee, perhaps with little regard to consequences. The English are poor at this species of jocularity, and the Scotch more so. Among the ancient Romans there were many clever utterers of bon-mots. The following are a few tolerable good ones, along with some of a later date, collected from an old book in the French language, which has chanced to come into our hands:

One day, the philosopher Bias found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry scoundrels. A tempest came on; and instantly the whole band began to invoke the

succour of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches!" said the sage; "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

A musician complaining that the tyrant Dionysius gave him nothing, after promising him much, for the exercise of his art—"you fool, we are quits," said the tyrant; "you tickled my ears, and I did the very same by yours."

Antiochus, King of Syria, caused the numerous army which he had assembled against the Romans, to defile before Hannibal, and pointed out with pride to the Carthaginian hero, the arms of the infantry, glittering with gold and silver, and the cavalry, whose horse-trappings, bits and saddles, as well as their armour, were loaded with golden ornaments. The elephants were decorated in a similar manner. Having shown all, Antiochus triumphantly asked the Carthaginian if he did not think all this would do for the Romans? "Oh, yes," returned Hannibal, "even if they were more greedy than they are."

A Roman captain having gone over to the camp of Pompey from that of Cæsar, declared to Cicero that he had come off so hurriedly that he had not even thought of bringing his horse with him. "You have provided," replies Cicero, "much better for your horses safety than for your own." After the defeat (thus foreseen) of Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia, the captain Nonius, said to Cicero, "be of good heart, we have yet left seven eagles." "An excellent thing, if we had to fight with jays," replied the orator.

The Emperor Domitian was accustomed, at his leisure hours, to shut himself up alone in his chamber, and there indulge in the amusement of sticking flies with a pin. A courtier inquiring, one day, if there was any one with the Cæsar,

"No one," said Vibius-Crispus, "not even a fly."

Charlemagne studied to bring around him, by liberal donations, all the most learned men of his age. He was less successful, however, than he could have wished, and complained of this, one day, to the learned Alcuin. "Would to heaven," said the monarch, "that I had about me twelve such men as Jerome and Augustine!" "What, sire!" replied Alcuin, "hath the Creator of heaven and earth but *two* men of such merit, and you would have *twelve*?"

Thomas Aquinas entered the chamber of Pope Innocent IV. whilst large sums of money were being counted there. "You see," said the pontiff to him, "that the church has been blessed, and is no longer in the state in which she was when it was said: 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "It is true, holy father," said Aquinas, "but neither can she now say to the paralytic, 'take up thy bed and walk.'"

Henry IV. of France, one day, reached Amiens after a long journey. A local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a long string of epithets. "Very great sovereign, very good, very merciful, very magnanimous" — "Add, also," interrupted the king, "very tired!" A famous physician having quitted Calvinism for Catholicism, Henry said to his Protestant minister, Sully: "My friend, your religion is surely very ill, the doctors give it up." The same monarch was, one day, harangued by a speaker in a small country town, during whose discourse an ass brayed at a short distance. "One at a time, gentlemen," said, the king.

One of the kings of Spain had been unsuccessful in war, and had lost several provinces; yet he received, notwithstanding, the title of

the Great, from his courtiers, and the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid in exacting such honours. "Yes, he is Great," said a wit, "just as a ditch is great. The more earth you take from it, the bigger it becomes."

The Duke of Roquelaure was anything but beautiful. Meeting, one day, a very ugly country squire who had business at the court, the duke introduced him to the king, saying that he lay under the weightiest obligations to the gentleman. The king graciously accorded to the squire the desired favour, and then asked Roquelaure what was the nature of his obligations to the other. "Ah, sire, without this dog, I should be the ugliest man in your Majesty's dominions," was the answer.

The judge Le Coigneux desired his macer of the court, named Maillard, to keep the auditory silent at a trial. The macer accordingly bawled out "silence" every instant, though no voice was in action but his. The old judge at last cried to him testily, "Macer, make Maillard be quiet."

The celebrated Malherbe dined, one day, with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be of the auditory. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe; "pray excuse me; I shall sleep very well without that."

The Abbé Regnier, secretary of the French Academy, once made a collection of money among the members for some common purpose. He went round at a meeting with his hat, receiving the contributions. Not perceiving that the president, Rose, a very miserly person, had dropped in his share, the abbé presented the hat again to him. The president declared that

he had made his contribution, and Regnier said, "I believe it, but I did not see it." "And I," says Fontenelle, "saw it but could not believe it."

A peasant went into a large city, and, among other objects that struck his fancy, was arrested by a banking-office, where he saw people go out and in, without getting any goods, apparently, as in other shops. He ventured to enter and ask the teller what was sold there. "Asses' heads,"—was the sneering answer. "What a business you must have!" said the rustic; "I see you have but one left."

It would often be better not to attempt to reward a brave action, than to reward it ill. A soldier had his two arms carried off at the wrists by a shot. His colonel offered him a crown. "It was not my gloves, but my hands that I lost, colonel," said the poor soldier reproachfully.

A man of genius was, one day, told that he would be introduced to a person worth knowing—"a person," said the intending introducer, by way of particular commendation, "who has actually got by heart the whole of Montaigne." The man of genius coldly replied, "I have the work here."

A prelate had gone to Rome, in expectation of a Cardinal's hat. He returned home, however, without obtaining the object of his wishes. Soon after, he went to court and paid his compliments to the king, but was so hoarse with a cold, that he could scarcely make himself intelligible. The king afterwards chanced to express his surprise that the prelate should have so exposed himself as to catch cold. "Ah, your Majesty need not wonder at that, said a wit; "since the prelate came from Rome without the hat."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is now almost a year since we noticed, in the columns of this magazine, a work upon Southern poets and poetry, which we *then* believed to be well advanced on the way to publication.

This work had been voluntarily assumed by a Mr. John Van Buren Moore, of Tennessee, who, as we happen to know, had opened a somewhat extensive correspondence with Southern literary men upon the subject. After collecting a variety of materials, and procuring a very general advertisement of his design, it seems that this gentleman has permitted his enthusiasm, like Bob Acres' courage, to "ooze out at his finger ends;" and the book of *Southern Poets and Poetry* remains, the most doubtful of shadows in the womb of an indefinite future.

We must frankly confess that we do *not* regret this issue. So far as we were enabled to judge, Mr. Moore (and we mean no unkind disparagement of his powers), appeared to be hardly fitted for the task he had too rashly undertaken. A really able, and satisfactory compend, setting forth the poetical claims and performances of our Southern writers, from an early period to the present time, would necessarily require in its preparation, a rare union of knowledge and acute critical discernment.

We have not the slightest reason for supposing that these unusual conditions were fulfilled in the case of the embryo author whose name we have mentioned. It is far better that the work he once contemplated, should be left undone, than that it should be accomplished in a feeble, or imperfect manner. At the same time, we cannot but declare our conviction that a work of this kind is greatly needed. The intellectual activity of the South, which, of recent years, has been developing itself, more than ever before, in purely literary efforts, ought (especially in the department of *poetry*) to be proved, and fully vindicated, in a work which shall be "just without favour," to *all* of our writers of merit.

When it is the fashion with every

English cockney, and member of the French family of intellectual *sans culottes*, who visits America, to speak of the people in the Southern States, as brutal and uncivilized, surely, it behooves us to vindicate ourselves at the bar of the world's opinion.

What vindication more complete than that which rests upon the citation of beautiful or vigorous productions in the noblest and most humanizing of the imaginative arts—poetry?

For *this* reason, among others scarcely less noteworthy, we have long desired to see a work devoted to the exposition of the genius of the poets of our section. There are many writers amongst us, qualified in every respect, to perform such a task with signal ability and success. If Cooke, Thompson, or Hope, of Virginia; if Simms or Timrod, in our own State; if Requier, or Meek, of Alabama,—not to mention a score of other able Southern men, whose names immediately suggest themselves—were, singly, or by a system of coöperation, to enter upon the performance of this patriotic duty—no doubt the result would be most honorable to our authors, and entirely conclusive upon the question of Southern literary claims.

In the majority of the various discussions which have arisen as to the relative position and talents of Southern and Northern writers, the question, in reference to the rights of *the former*, has been permitted to go by default. Never were any people so utterly disregarding of their own mental achievements, out of the particular provinces of mechanics, political economy, the sciences, and politics proper. This ought to be, and we feel assured, *will be*, amended.

Meanwhile, we would say to our readers, as strictly *apropos* to the subject, that a volume of poetry is now passing through the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, which, we believe, will not only confirm an individual reputation, but add greatly to our *best* local and sectional literature. We refer to the poems of Mr. Henry Timrod. This writer has been, for several years past, favourably known to our people, by his

brilliant contributions to several prominent Southern periodicals.

It has been our privilege to examine the proof-sheets of his forthcoming book. They embrace a number of poems, upon topics of interest to every imaginative mind. These topics are treated in a manner which proves that Mr. Timrod, to unusual natural endowments, has added the advantages of scrupulous artistic culture. He is never loose in his conceptions, careless or imperfect in his execution.

On the contrary, with a profound reverence for the vocation of the poet, he exerts, to a great degree, his very noble powers; and whether they are devoted to the production of a simple song, or an elaborate piece of blank-verse, we may depend upon being favoured with a result which (whatever the poet's reserve of intellectual force), will delight, if it does not satisfy, the most fastidious reader.

Mr. Timrod's imagination is not only subtle and delicate, but vigorous. It possesses, also, a *sensuous* element, which imparts to his poetry a warmth, and brightness of colouring, calculated to render it more popular than poetry of so high an order commonly is.

The first, and longest, performance in the work to which we are referring, is called "A Vision of Poësy," and describes the progress of a true poet's nature and intellectual development. The author has made his subject a psychological study, and his aim is to reveal, through the medium of a story, which deals with the *internal* world of spiritual motives and activities, *not* the *outward* world of material incidents—the secret of the life of imagination, the law which governs its growth and directs its energies, which brings into harmonious union its wonderful forces, causing the vitality that is in them to strengthen and expand into an influence which gives to the universe, in the poet's own beautiful words—

—"not its fruitage and its green,
But clothes it with a glory all unseen."

The difficulties inherent in such a subject, must be evident to every thinker. When we say that Mr. Timrod has not only overcome them, but that he has written a noble philosophical poem, which at the same time, (most unusual conjuncture!) contains the elements of an exquisite humanity infinitely pathetic, we have indicated, as precisely as we can, the character of the production, and the kind and degree of its success. If our estimate is correct, the "Vision of Poësy" must, it is manifest, be regarded as constituting a part

of the permanent literature of the country. Poems of inferior merit have been long since enrolled among our American classics.

Of Mr. Timrod's miscellaneous pieces, we are not, at present, able to say much. With a large number of them our readers are doubtless familiar, since they have been among the most attractive articles which "RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE" has had the honor of presenting to the Southern public.

To our individual taste, the poems composed in blank verse (*The Arctic Voyager*, for example), are the best in the collection. They are thoughtfully conceived, and the versification is managed with singular skill and power, exhibiting a mastery over the most intricate and difficult of metres, which, even with the accomplished poet-artist, is by no means common.

Hitherto Mr. Timrod's most popular pieces have been of an amatory cast. This has given rise to an idea that his genius is rather fanciful, sensuous, and passionate, than truly imaginative. "THE VISION OF POËSY" will effectually dispel this error, for, although like *all real* poets, he possesses (and in no small degree), the characteristic powers we have mentioned, it is to his *imagination*—which, if not richly creative in the dramatic sense, is wonderfully delicate in perception, and facile in combination—that he will owe his substantial successes, and his permanent fame.

So it is, so it always must be, with every man deserving the name of poet, who has delighted the past ages, or is destined to charm the ages to come. Without this divine faculty, a writer may be genial, graceful, beguiling for an hour; he may command every resource of art, fascinating the ear, and the subtlest sense of metrical harmony—but his influence goes no deeper. The instinct that worships the beautiful—the longing of the spirit after the things and the life spiritual—can be satisfied only by the manifestations of *that Power*, which it seems to us, was specially designed by God to form the *brightest* connecting link between the world of *matter* and material purpose, and the unknown universe of the soul!

In the case of the writer under review, we feel very confident that the public will, to the full, sustain our criticism; the gist of which is—that while he is endowed with a warmly sensuous and passionate nature, his *imaginative faculty* has been liberally developed, and will (if persistently and faithfully cultivated), enable him to reach an exalted position among the true poets of the land.

There are some things in this world which severely sensible people are apt to think very silly, but which are nevertheless useful things enough, seeing that they enable many people to pass, in a very agreeable way, and quite harmlessly to others, time which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands. Bouts rimés take their place amongst those things. They are of French origin and invention, as befits their light and playful character. A Parisian poet of the seventeenth century, named Dulot, one day made the strange complaint in company, that he had had three hundred sonnets stolen from him. The amount of this lot of poetical property astonished everybody. "Oh," said he, "they were only blank sonnets, or rhymes (*bouts rimés*) of all the sonnets I may have occasion to write." He had, it appeared, employed himself in drawing up columns of rhyming words in the form of sonnets, with the design of filling in the lines and the ideas when he could get leisure, or when the Muse might so favor him. The idea was too whimsical not to produce an impression, and we are told that, in consequence of Dulot's statement all the wits in Paris immediately set about making up sonnets, on the principle of fixing the rhymes first. A quarto volume of *bouts rimés* was published in 1648, the first work of the kind we are aware of, but not the last. The art, or sport, as it may be called, afterwards found its way to other countries, and to our own amongst the rest. Horace Walpole was not guiltless of the frivolity, for, on having prescribed to him the rhymes,

brook,
why,
crook,
I,

he instantly produced the following verse, to which he gave the title of

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I sit with my toes in a brook,
And if any one asks me for why,
I hit 'em a rap with my crook,
And "his scintillation kills me," says I.

It is of course obvious that a party of friendly people, spending a winter evening together, may, amongst other amusements, resort to that of scribbling *bouts rimés*. All may not be alike quick or ingenious in filling up the prescribed rhymes; but the wits of all will be exercised, and, while some of the resulting verses will surprise and amuse by their felicity, others will perhaps occasion a still heartier burst of laughter by their very lameness and emptiness. Those nearest a match will be eager to excel each other in bringing the verse quickly out, as well as in bringing out a good verse; and those who despair of making up verses of their own, may take an interest in the proceedings of the reader

wits, and find a disinterested pleasure in *backing* one clever fellow, or one smart young lady, against another. Much jocularly must evidently attend such an intellectual competition as this, and perhaps some little sharpening of mind may also be the consequence. At the least, the party will find that they have spent two or three hours innocently and happily, and do not like each other the worse for the drollery they have been indulging in together.

It is well, in such a case, if clever verses are produced; but this is not absolutely essential. In such private exercises of the poetical talent, people do not look for the expression, correctness, and effect, which they expect in compositions submitted to them in print. They will find themselves ready to say, "pretty fair," "very well," "ha, ha, ha, excessively good, indeed," to things which, if put coolly and typographically before them, they would be inclined to toss aside as not worthy of a moment's regard. To convince our readers of this, we shall adduce a short series of verses which were lately produced in the course of one evening by a merry little party, who had fallen upon the game by chance, as a means of whiling away the time between tea and bread and cheese, and most of whom had never before heard of *bouts rimés*. The merit of the verses will, we expect, be considered as moderate; but that is exactly what is required to convince them of the merit of the game as a means of giving amusement, for we can assure our readers that the production of these verses kept the party laughing for the most part of an evening.

The rhymes given out on this occasion were all of them alternate rhymes for a verse of four lines. The first set was composed of the words, *grant, ask, shan't, task*; and of the verses consequently produced, the following were the best:

If from good nature you begin to grant
Whatever favours folks may choose to ask,
'Twill grow more difficult to say "I shan't,"
And courtesy you'll find a heavy task!

Sweet one, I pant for what you can grant—
What is it, dost thou ask?
'Tis a kiss that I want, so don't say "I shan't,"
When assent is an easier task.

The next rhymes given were *wave, lie, brave, die*; and of the verses written thereupon, we give three specimens:

Dark are the secrets of the gulfin' wave,
Where wrapp'd in death, so many heroes lie;
Yet glorious death's the guerdon of the brave,
And they who bravely live can bravely die!

Whenever I sail on the wave,
O'ercome with sea-sickness I lie;
I can swim of "the Sea," and look brave—
When I want it, I feel like to die!

High o'er the ship came on the whelming wave—
One crash! and on her beam I saw her lie!
Shrick'd loud the craven, silent stood the brave,
But hope from all had fled—'twas only left to die!

Prove, why, love, calamity, gave birth to the following stanzas :

Of Baxter I cannot ap-	prove,
And the reason is obvious	why,
For the church he'd nor favour nor	love,
So him I'd with	Calamity-tie !

In life we mingled joys and sorrows	prove,
Confused, and none can give a reason	why ;
Hate quickly treads upon the heels of	love,
And morning bliss quells night's	calamity.

Others produced were as follow :

What is	life ?
What is	death ?
Continued	strife—
The want of	breath ?

Last night we view'd a lovely	star,
And all admired its joyous	light ;
Yet to my thoughts were clearer	far,
The lustrous eyes of Laura	bright.

Next came the following apotheosis strain from the fair Laura herself :

I am not quick as	thought,
Indeed I'm dull as	night ;
In fact I'm fit for	naught,
But just to follow	light !

One or two more and we have done with the compositions of our evening party :

Few things appear more	sad
Than to see an old man	weep ;
And few make the mind more glad	than
Than a crying child	asleep !

The purity and joy of heavenly	love
For earth's dull regions is too bright a	thing,
Yet may the hope of future joys	above
To denizens of earth some pleasure	bring !

We take the following, entitled the "RIVAL EDITORS," from an old number of "Chambers' Journal" :

In a certain town of England, which shall be nameless, there flourished, some years ago, two rival weekly newspapers. The one, which supported the ultra-Tory party, and rejoiced in the title of "The Universal Conservative Post," was very ably edited by Mr. Charles Phipps; the other, which advocated principles of an exactly opposite tendency, was called "Vox Populi, or the Voice of the People," and was published under the direction of Mr. Walker Hodgkins. As the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of R— were pretty fairly divided betwixt the two great political parties, Messrs. Phipps and Hodgkins contrived to make their journals pay tolerably well; but, not satisfied with this equal partition of profits, as they were both red hot about their principles, there was a constant struggle between them for mastery; and if one happened for a few weeks to obtain an advantage over the other in the amount of sale, the comparative numbers were blazoned forth in large type on the first page of the fortunate journal, to the infinite mortification of the discomfited editor, who did not fail, in his next publication, to throw out all manner of gibes and sneers against his triumphant adversary, taking care, at the same time, to insinuate, that this temporary ascendancy, *if real*, was at-

tributable to causes by no means so creditable as to afford matter for glorification, and that, in short, "the less that was said about it the better."

The competition between these two gentlemen to obtain the earliest intelligence of every matter of public interest, and to be the first to announce it to their subscribers, was intense, and not unfrequently led to the most ludicrous misstatements; and on these occasions, forgetting how often the same thing had happened to himself, the one who had escaped the misfortune did not fail to indulge in the most cutting sarcasms against his unhappy brother; invariably ascertaining that the piece of intelligence in question had been in his possession some time before the other had it, but that he had too much respect for his readers to attempt to cram them with such absurd and idle rumours, and so forth. The desire, also, to outstrip each other, and the apprehension that if one passed over an event as being too unimportant to record, the other would insert it, often induced them to detail circumstances of the most trivial nature, and even sometimes to bring private matters before the public with which the public had no concern—making their papers, in short, the vehicles of scandal and of idle gossip; and as the period of publication approached—for these journals appeared on consecutive days—the editor's room were frequently not only the scenes of earnest meditation as to the most effective method of promoting their own success and annihilating the enemy, but also of much trouble and perplexity, arising from the expectations and disappointments of the different candidates for literary fame, who, aspiring to see themselves in print, took advantage of the well-known editorial rivalry to obtain their ends.

It happened that there resided in the neighbourhood of R— a certain young gentleman called Mr. Ferdinand Adolphus Potts; and whether his parents, having the gift of prophecy, had conferred this romantic appellation on their offspring in order that his name might accord with his aspiring genius, or whether the genius had been awakened by the name, and he had thought it incumbent on him to render himself worthy of so high-sounding and euphonious a title, certain it is that the youth was fired with ambition to distinguish himself—and the path to fame which he chose was literature.

He had hitherto, however, been exceedingly unsuccessful, not with the public, but with the publishers. The public, he had no doubt, would have done him justice, but the publishers had declined having anything to do with his volume of poems, and the editors of the magazines had uniformly rejected his

productions. Still resolved to see himself in print, and confident that, if once brought fairly before the public, he must succeed, he had at length, as a last resource, composed a poem on cruelty to animals in general, and to the cockchafer in particular—it happening to be the season when those unlucky insects make their annual debut in this troublesome world. This article he considered a perfect treasure; and he sent it to the editor of the *Universal Post*, in the absolute assurance, not only of its being accepted, but of himself being immediately offered a handsome salary as a regular contributor to the journal; his only doubt was, whether it would not be a degradation to his genius to accept the proposal. But, alas! the pages of the *Universal Post* seemed as inaccessible to his effusions as all other pages; and, after waiting a fortnight, in the hope of seeing his ambition gratified, he called on Mr. Phipps to inquire into the reason of the delay.

With some difficulty the editor recollected that a MS. had been left at the office with the signature of Philocockchafer, but he assured the indignant poet that the subject was not one of sufficiently general interest to warrant its insertion in his journal; and though Mr. Potts dwelt on the important influence his effusion might have on the morals of the rising generation, and on the happiness and immunity from suffering of the unfortunate animals themselves, his eloquence was expended in vain; and, after venting his indignation in every opprobrious term he could think of, he rushed out of the room in a paroxysm of rage, vowing signal vengeance against the author of his mortification.

It happened on the evening of the day on which this scene occurred in the editor's room, that that worthy man, anxious to withdraw himself from the busy world, and to direct his thoughts exclusively to his "leader" for the following Thursday, and somewhat oppressed by the painful apprehension that the rival journal would eclipse him this week in the article of local and domestic intelligence, betook himself to a shady and retired walk in the neighborhood of the town, known by the name of Ivy Lane; and there, as he was lounging slowly on, with his hands behind him, and his eyes half-shut in deep meditation, he suddenly stumbled over something on the ground, which, on looking down, he perceived was a crutch. He picked it up, and then sought about for the owner. No one was in sight; but, in the course of this survey, happening to turn his head in the direction of a dry ditch that bordered the road, his eye alighted on an old wallet. This

led him to further investigation, and, on approaching the spot, he saw lying in the ditch the mortal remains of a poor old beggar, who had for years frequented the neighbourhood, and obtained a scanty living out of the alms of the inhabitants, by whom he was well known, and generally tolerated. There was no appearance of violence about the body; the man had evidently died from age and infirmity, a consummation that had been long looked for. "Poor old Digges!" said Mr. Phipps; "so here you are at last, eh?—come to the end of your rambles? The last time I saw you you were leaning against the post."—But the word *post* awakened a new train of ideas. "The deuce!" cried he, "what a pity! This is only Tuesday, and my paper won't be out till Thursday!" And then he reflected that if he went back to the town and made known his discovery at the poor-house, it would be scarcely possible to prevent its reaching the office of the *Vox Populi*, and that thus his rival would have the advantage of being the first to announce the news of old Digges' decease to the neighbourhood; a result most provoking, certainly, and which he looked upon as a wanton flinging away of a piece of good luck that fortune had thrown in his way. "But why can't I keep the secret till their paper's thrown off, and then walk this way and pretend I have just made the discovery? It will make no manner of difference to poor Digges—none in the world poor fellow! He passed most of his nights under a hedge, and I've heard him say, he preferred it in summer. It's getting late now, and it's scarcely likely anybody else will be walking this way. But, by-the-bye, let's see what's in the wallet; for if the old fellow left any money, it will be my duty to take care of it." So Phipps opened the wallet, and found in it not only some crusts of bread, and the usual trappings of a beggar, but also silver and pence to the amount of thirteen shillings. "It would scarcely be right," thought he, "to leave this here; for if any of his own fraternity should find him, it will never, I fear, come to the hands of his lawful heirs." So Mr. Phipps folded the money in a bit of paper, and put it in his pocket: after which, having covered up old Digges with some leaves and branches, and laid his crutch and his wallet beside him, he turned his steps homewards.

But there had been a spectator to the latter part of this little drama, that the worthy editor never dreamed of—no less a person than Mr. Ferdinand Potts, the disappointed contributor, who, boiling with revenge, had directed his steps to this retired quarter, in order to com-

pose his thoughts to an ode that was to extinguish, and for ever annihilate, the unfortunate Phipps.

Had Potts witnessed the whole of the affair, he might have made some approximation to a right interpretation of the editor's doings; but he was on the other side of the hedge, and had only arrived in time to descry Phipps abstract the money from the wallet, and then stoop down and conceal something, he did not know what, in the ditch. But no sooner was the obnoxious editor out of sight, than Mr. Ferdinand hurried round to see what he had been hiding.

Mr. Ferdinand was not very wise when he was in his best senses, and he was now somewhat out of them from the mortification his vanity had suffered by the rejection of his "article;" and he was rather inclined to think that a man capable of that rejection (which he was certain must have arisen from the worst motives), would be equal to any other act, however atrocious; in short, to clothe the idea in his own words, he thought "there was nothing too bad for him."

Without weighing the matter further, therefore, he jumped at once to the conclusion, that Phipps, if he had not actually murdered the man, which he was disposed to believe he had, had certainly robbed him—opened his wallet, appropriated the money, the amount of which he had not been able to ascertain, and then concealed the body, from some private motive which he could not exactly penetrate—probably till he had got safe off with the booty; though the pains taken to hide the *corpus* rather inclined Mr. Ferdinand to believe in the *delictum*. Without further deliberation, therefore, he hurried off to the chief constable of the place; and, relating what he had seen, to which he did not scruple, under the influence of his excited feelings, to make a few additions, roundly accused Mr. Phipps of the robbery, implying the strongest suspicions that murder had preceded the crime.

The constable, in his secret heart, thought the thing impossible; but he was a Radical Reformer, a furious partisan of the rival journal, and he did not feel it to be his duty to oppose his reason to a direct accusation of this sort; so he consented to accompany Mr. Potts to Ivy Lane, where, sure enough, he found old Digges lying in the ditch, covered with leaves and branches, and with his crutch and wallet beside him. There was nothing, therefore, left for him to do but to proceed straightway to a magistrate and disclose the appalling fact. By this time, however, the magistrate, who happened to be somewhat of an invalid, was gone to bed; and the affair, when he heard what Potts and

the constable had to say, appeared to him so absurd, that all their representations could not induce him to take any steps in it, till he had better grounds to go upon; so he dismissed the official and the indignant accuser, and desired them to return to him in the morning. "And by that time," said the constable to his companion, "if he really has been meddling with anything he shouldn't, he'll have time to get off, if so be he gets an inkling that we're after him."

This hint sunk deep into the mind of Potts; and, determined that, having embarked in the affair, he would carry it through, he made up his mind to spend the intervening hours in watching the editor's house; and accordingly he proceeded thither, and passed the remainder of the night in pacing the flags before the door.

In the mean time, Mr. Phipps, after he had lain down in his bed, began, somehow or other, to feel rather uneasy, not that he had any apprehension of what was machinating against him—such an idea would never have entered his head—but being really at heart a good-natured benevolent man, he could not help fearing he had not done right in leaving the body of the poor old beggar lying in the ditch all night; he thought of hogs, and dogs, and polecats, and vermin of all sorts. Then, all at once, it occurred to him that he had not sufficiently investigated whether the man was dead or not! There might have been some spark of life left—he might only have fainted from exhaustion. "Good heavens! and I have left him there to die!" Distressed beyond measure at this last idea, which was worse than all the rest, Mr. Phipps tossed and tumbled in his uneasy bed till the morning's dawn; and then, as the birds began to twitter, and the first gleam of light peeped through the chinks of his shutter, he jumped out of bed, and hastily putting on his clothes, and creeping quietly down stairs and out of the house, that he might not disturb the family, he directed his steps, with all the speed he could command, to the scene of his last night's adventure.

But here again Mr. Potts was too cunning for him. He had seen the editor open his shutter, and from the earliness of the hour, suspecting mischief, had placed himself out of sight to watch the event; and when the worthy man emerged from the door, and with a hurried gait directed his steps towards Ivy Lane, he rushed off to his friend the constable, and dragging him out of bed, urged him to put on his clothes, and accompany him, without a moment's delay, to ascertain what new enormity the atrocious Phipps was about to commit.

With considerable anxiety as to what state he might find the body of the pauper in, Mr. Phipps proceeded towards the place where he had left it; and his astonishment may be better conceived than described, as he himself would have said, when he found that old Digges, crutch, wallet, and all, had vanished from the spot, leaving no trace or vestige behind by which he could guess how, when, or in what direction, they had disappeared! The editor rubbed his eyes and looked again—examined the ditch for some extent—searched and searched—but all in vain. There lay the branches and the leaves, but the beggar and all his belongings were assuredly gone!

With his arms thrown behind him and his chin sunk upon his breast, in deep cogitation, the amazed editor once more turned his steps homewards; but scarcely had he reached the end of the lane, when his reverie was rudely disturbed by feeling the heavy hand of Redburn the constable laid upon his shoulder, and receiving an imperative summons to attend that official to the magistrate's, without delay. He offered an explanation—for the triumph of Potts soon disclosed the mystery of his arrest—but without success; for where reason might have listened, prejudice was deaf; so, denouncing his unlucky stars and his own folly, he relinquished the vain endeavour, and resigned himself to the evil he could not avoid.

When, after waiting some time, the party were introduced into the presence of the magistrate, Mr. Phipps again proffered his explanation, and was listened to with every reasonable disposition to believe; but as he could not make up his mind to expose his motives for delaying to give information of the death of the pauper and for concealing the body, his explanation was unsatisfactory, and his conduct continued to appear quite unaccountable. The money, too, which he did not deny having taken from the beggar's wallet, was still in his waistcoat pocket; and, altogether, strange and absurd as it appeared, the magistrate began to fear there was nothing for it but to commit him. Unwilling, however, to do anything hastily, lest he should expose himself to ridicule by his precipitation, the worthy justice

desired the party to wait till he had taken his breakfast, and had time to deliberate on the course he should pursue; and, in order to insure himself against any unpleasant consequences, he sent for a Mr. Wilkes, who lived hard by, and who had formerly been in the commission, resolving to be guided by his advice.

"Digges!" said the gentleman when he heard the story, "why, if I am not much mistaken, I saw Digges standing at my back-door just now, as I passed to come to you. Send one of your servants to inquire if he has not been there."

It was quite true. Digges not only had been there, but was there still, and willingly accompanied the servant to prove his identity.

"All he knew about the matter," he said, when he was interrogated, "was, that from long fasting and over fatigue, he had been seized with a sudden faintness in Ivy Lane, as he was making for the town, where he had intended to pass the night; that he did not know how long he lay there, but that, on recovering his consciousness, he had found himself strewn over with leaves and branches; and that as soon as he was able, he had got up and crawled towards the nearest houses; where, when the people rose in the morning, they had given him some breakfast; but that, missing the money out of his wallet, he had proceeded to Mr. Wilkes, with the intention of asking that gentleman's advice."

Here was an end of the murder: but the imputation of the robbery might have clung to poor Mr. Phipps to the end of his days, had it not been for a paper found in his room, all ready prepared for the press, wherein he detailed the circumstance of his discovering the pauper's body, the amount of money in his wallet, and all other particulars, only stating that the event happened on Wednesday morning instead of on Tuesday night. His motive was penetrated; and the poor editor escaped with no worse chastisement for his folly, than the ridicule of his neighbours, and the triumphant jibes and jeers of the rival journalist, whom it furnished with a weapon of offence and defence, and an inexhaustible fund of raillery and sarcasm, to the end of the chapter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of Herodotus: a new English Version. By George Rawlinson, M. A., assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F. R. S., in four volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

It is with pleasure, that we welcome an American re-print of this noble work, the product of the latest and most thorough English scholarship. The style and appearance of this first volume, are in the highest degree creditable to the well-known standing of the publishers.

Rawlinson's Herodotus will be the standard authority for all students of the Father of History. The plan adopted in this, has been to illustrate the text of the historian by the light of all the recent discoveries in hieroglyphical and cuneiform research, so that we shall be enabled to speak with certainty hereafter in regard to those points in the history of Assyria and Babylonia whereof Herodotus himself spoke, but doubtfully, though truthfully; so far as he knew. And all those who reverence the great teachers of men will rejoice to learn, as they may from this translation, how completely the fair fame of Herodotus is vindicated by every additional light thrown upon his statements. It is no very long time ago, that the Father of History was looked upon, even by scholars, as a liar of the first magnitude, of whom Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type. So few were our sources of information in regard to the times of which Herodotus wrote; so shadowy and unsubstantial were the empires of which he had left almost the only record, at all elaborated, so completely had the fabrications of Ctesias possessed the minds of men, that we were quite content to value Herodotus merely for the delicious Ionic in which he wrote. Learned men spoke with contempt of the want of arrangement, and the entire absence of critical skill displayed in his narrative; quite overlooking the facts that Herodotus was, literally, a pioneer in the art of Greek prose composition, and that his birth and long residence in an Ionic colony, were hardly fitted to supply that

literary cultivation we should look for in an Athenian, contemporary with Herodotus.

The credulity of Herodotus is even yet a stock subject of ridicule. His present translator does not attempt to deny this element of character in the historian; but his defence of it is so fair and reasonable, that we cannot do better than quote his words:

"The true point for consideration is, how far his work has been injured by the defect in question—to what extent it has disqualified him for the historian's office. Now, the credulity of Herodotus, in matters of religion, amounts to this: he believed in the prophetic inspiration of the oracles—in the fact that warnings are given to men through prodigies and dreams; and in the occasional appearance of the gods on earth in a human form. He likewise, holds strongly the doctrine of a divine Nemesis, including therein, not only retribution or the visible punishment of presumption and other sins, but also jealousy, or the provocation of divine anger by mere greatness and prosperous fortune. How do these two lines of belief affect his general narrative, and how far do they detract from its authenticity? With regard to the former class of supernatural phenomena, it must be observed in the first place, that they are, for the most part, mere excrescences, the omission of which leaves the historic narrative intact, and which may, therefore, if we like, be simply put aside when we are employed in tracing the course of events recorded by our author. Omit the swarming of the snakes in the suburbs of Sardis, and the flocking of the horses from their pastures to eat them before the capture of that city, and the capture itself—nay, even the circumstances of the capture—are untouched by the omission. This cannot be said of the oracles, or of the dreams, but even if we are skeptical altogether as to the prophetic power of the oracles, or as to any divine warning given to the heathen in dreams, (and Mr. Rawlinson is *not* skeptical on these points,) we may still believe that events happened as he states them; explaining, for instance, the visions of Xerxes and Ar-

tabanus, by a plot in the palace, and the oracles concerning Salamis by the foresight of Themistocles."

It may also be observed, that we should bear in mind, the strongly religious character of Herodotus, tending in that age and country to superstition, and the general tone of his mind in regard to all things claiming to be of supernatural origin. Writers of far greater intellectual enlightenment than Herodotus, and living in the full knowledge of the modern Christian world, have not hesitated to record, with a faith as implicit as the Greek's, prodigies for which they cannot advance the same simple causes that satisfied him. So profound a historian as Mariana, has not scrupled to describe, in elegant Latin, the appearance of the blessed apostle, St. James, in the front of the Christian battle, at Navas de Tolosa; yet no critic can affect to look with contempt, either on the intellect or on the authority of Mariana. And every American history still repeats with entire credulity, the mythical story of the Indian Chief, who deliberately aimed at Washington seventeen times on the day of Braddock's defeat, and seventeen times failed to shoot him.

Among the essays in the present volume, perhaps the most interesting is, that on the Assyrian Empire. The labours of Rawlinson, Layard and Botta, as well as the reports of all travellers in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, have been laid under contribution to furnish the material for this essay. The reader cannot but be astonished at the completeness of the discoveries made within the last fifteen years; there have been found inscriptions containing correct and regular lists of the Assyrian kings; accounts of their conquests and enterprizes, both in peace and war; records of their revenues; lists of the subject nations; and decrees, affording glimpses of the internal organization of the monarchy. This seems to have resembled in a great measure the Austrian or British empire of the present day; rather an agglomeration of nations and races than the absorption and assimilation of many peoples by one dominant race.

The art of the Assyrians, as exhibited in their sculpture, shows a decidedly progressive tendency; infinitely removed from the perfection of the Greek art, it was yet greatly in advance of the Egyptian, which had remained stationary and conventional. It is to be remembered, that this superiority of Assyrian art appears only in the remains of the sculpture; for the architecture of the nation, so far as it is possible to judge of it by descriptions, and the remains of the great palaces on the banks of the Tigris, was, on the whole, inferior in

grandeur to that of the Egyptians. Such as Assyrian art was, it seems to have been entirely national and indigenous.

"If it be added to this," says Sir H. Rawlinson, "that the buildings of the Assyrians show them to have been well acquainted with the principle of the arch, that they constructed aqueducts and drains—that they knew the use of the lever and the roller—that they understood the art of inlaying, enamelling and overlaying with metals, and that they cut gems with the greatest skill and finish, it will be apparent that their civilization equalled that of almost any ancient country, and that it did not fall immeasurably behind the boasted achievements of the moderns. With much that was barbaric still attaching to them—with a rude and inartificial government, savage passions, a debasing religion, and a general tendency to materialism, they were, towards the close of their empire, in all the arts and appliances of life, very nearly on a par with ourselves; and thus their history furnishes a warning—which the records of nations constantly repeat—that the greatest material prosperity may co-exist with the decline, and herald the downfall of a kingdom."

Mr. Rawlinson's translation seems to us, at least as good as any other English version we have seen; and, while much of the charm of the historian disappears in a translation, the general spirit and fidelity of Mr. Rawlinson's work gives as fair a representation of Herodotus as can well be looked for in English.

We feel assured that there will be no delay in the publication of the remaining volumes; and this complete edition of a great work, will soon be placed within the means of every scholar.

Poems. By James Clarence Mangan; with a Biographical Introduction by John Mitchel. New-York: P. M. Haverty, Fulton-street. 1859. [From S. G. Courtenay & Co., Broad-street, Charleston, S. C.]

It is not difficult to perceive, indeed, it is quite impossible not to perceive that the collection of these poems, and the composition of the biography which introduces them, has been with the editor a labor of love. Mr. Mitchel's devotion to the literature, no less than to the political interests of his country, his generally rare scholarship, and his special minute acquaintance with the ancient poets of Ireland and their productions—all pointed him out as the proper person to arrange the works, and prepare the life of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. This author (hitherto comparatively unknown beyond the limits of his

native land,) is regarded by Mr. Mitchell as the representative poet of Ireland. Nearly an entire fourth of the volume consists of an "Irish Anthology," giving most beautiful and striking renditions into modern English of a number of the songs of love and war, (many of them gushes of passionate emotion, intensified by despairing grief,) which were poured forth by the knightly cavalier, or by the humbler peasant in his cot, during some indefinite period of that far past, when Erin was a free Nation-ality. These lays possess an *inherent* power and pathos, which should make them almost as interesting to the general reader as to the student of Irish literature and antiquities.

Mangan's translations from the chief German poets are also admirable. They are, it is true, as *un-literal* as possible, but the *spirit* of the original, its very innermost heart and life have been caught, so that a result is produced not dry, correct, formal and marrowless, but glowing with the blood, and vital with the sinewy strength and freshness of the German models. We use the term "*models*," because it really seems to us that in the majority of instances, *Mangan* has looked to the poets whose works he translates, rather for certain main clews of thought, which he amplifies, not unfrequently in wholly new directions, than for the furnishing of definite art-products, which he endeavors to transport bodily to an alien soil, and set up before the eyes of a foreign people.

His merit far transcends, therefore, the merit of ordinary translators. In re-producing the ballads of Uhland, Tieck and Goëthe especially, *Mangan* has really composed new poems of his own.

The productions he professes to derive from the Ottoman, and other Eastern languages, are, to our taste, the most characteristic and pleasing of his works. These are, doubtless, completely original, and yet how thoroughly steeped in the hues of Oriental genius; Hafiz and his contemporaries *might* have written them, and not one, we conscientiously believe, could have written them better.

Who, meanwhile, was James Clarence Mangan? When and where did he live, with whom did he associate, what were his position, circumstances, and final fate? These questions are fully answered, (and a mournful answer it is,) in the biographical sketch by Mr. Mitchell.

The rank of Mangan, like that of his famous countryman Tom Moore, was not aristocratic. Of his parentage, little is known beyond the bare facts that his

father, James Mangan, was a native of Limerick County, and that in 1801, he was married to Catharine Smith, of Fishamble-street, Dublin. In the same street, and in 1803, JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN was born, his father being then a shop-keeper of the grocer class, and unfortunate in his business.

"Those who knew Clarence Mangan," Mr. Mitchell says, "in later days, had a vague sort of knowledge that he had a brother, a sister, and a mother still living; some of whom survived him, and that their scanty sustenance depended, at least, *partly* upon him."

"In one of the dreariest quarters of Dublin, called 'Derby-Square,' was a boy's school. Here Mangan received what scholastic training he ever had. Then, for seven years, he laboured as copyist in a scribes office—at a weekly salary—a mechanical employment, which had one advantage for him—*his mind could wander*. Eye and finger once steadily set to their task, the soul might spread her wings, and soar beyond the spheres.

"After that, for two or three years, he gained his own living, and maintained his wretched household as an attorney's clerk.

"At what age he devoted himself to this drudgery, at what age he left it, or was discharged from it, does not appear, for his whole biography *documents* are wanting, the man having *never* for one moment imagined that *his* poor life could interest any surviving human being."

Never was there a literary Pariah more hopeless, deserted and miserable. Yet, his biographer is careful to remark, that although he *may* be associated with such men as RICHARD SAVAGE and EDGAR POE, in regard to his dissipations and his wretchedness, no malignity of temper, no base dishonesties were ever charged upon him. If his *will* was weak, (and *who*, situated as Mangan was, could—unless extraordinarily gifted—retain the complete integrity of his moral volition,) the poet's *heart* seems to have been kept pure and noble to the last.

He was shy and sensitive, with exquisite sensibilities and fine impulses; eye, ear and soul, open to all the beauty, glory, and music of the heavens and the earth; humble and unexact, craving nothing in the world but "celestial glorified life and seraphic love, and a home among the immortal gods, (that's all,) and he was eight or ten years scribbling deeds, pleadings and bills in chancery!"

Even at this time, and under such (to *him*) depressing circumstances, MANGAN was devoted to his favourite studies, among which, "the exploration of those

treasures locked up in foreign languages," formed a prominent pursuit. In the *strictest* sense of the expression, he was a self-educated man—yet, in his works, ample proof will be found of "a culture both high and wide, both profound and curiously exquisite."

After his labours had ceased in the attorney's office, there is a considerable gap in MANGAN's life. "It is an obscure gulf which no eye hath fathomed; into which he entered a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man." When Mr. Mitchel first saw him, Mangan was a spare, meagre figure, somewhat under the middle height, with a finely formed head, clear blue eyes and features of peculiar delicacy. His face was pallid and worn, and the light hair seemed not so much grizzled as bleached.—"From several obscure indications in his poems, it is obvious that in *one*, at least, of the great branches of education, he had run through his *curriculum* regularly; he had loved and was deceived."

"The instructress in this department of knowledge, was a certain fair and false FRANCES; at least, such is the name under which he addressed to her one of his dearest songs of sorrow. In that obscure, unrecorded interval of his life, he seems to have, some time or other, by a rare accident, penetrated (like Diogenes Teufelsdröck,) into a sphere of life higher and more refined than *any* which his poor lot had before revealed to him, and even to have dwelt therein for certain days."

"Dubiously and with difficulty," says the biographer further, "I collect from those who were his intimates thus much. He was on visiting terms in a house where were three sisters, *one* of them beautiful, *spirituelle*, and—a *coquette*! The old, old story was here once more reenacted. Paradise opened before him; the passionate soul of a devoted boy bended in homage before an enchantress. She received it, was pleased with it, even encouraged it, until she became proudly conscious of her *absolute* power; then, with a cold surprise, as wondering he *could be* guilty of *such* a presumption, she exercised her undoubted prerogative, and whistled him down the wind!"

We are told that MANGAN—who in this one earnest, overwhelming passion—had exhausted, so to speak, the resources *even* of his deep nature, never loved, and hardly looked upon any woman forever more! Neither did he make the public his father-confessor, and pour forth his melodious woes for the delcattation, and in order to gain the sympathy, of some thousands of necessarily indifferent people.

Only in the selection of poems for translation, and in the wonderful pathos of the thought which he scrupled *not* sometimes to interpolate, can you discern the master-misery.

Almost the whole of MANGAN's career after this period was dark and painful. If ever a poor mortal creature was deliberately set up by FATE in her cruellest mood, as a target to be riddled and defaced, surely Mangan was this creature! He had lost his trust in woman. Is it any marvel that soon, *very soon*, subsequently, he lost his confidence in *man* likewise?

True, he was blessed with a few friends who stood by him to the end of the gloomy chapter. They would have served and gladly saved him, but Mangan would not permit them. With no domestic ties to bind him, but slightly encouraged in his literary endeavours, the influence of friends did *not* avail to preserve him from the dominion of evil habits. He became an opium-eater and imbibor of strong waters. Thenceforth his path was downward, *surely* downward, although the victim's steps were slow.

To the last, he dreamed and wrote his beautiful verses. Careless of his individual fame, underrating (as it appears to us,) his splendid endowments, and utterly destitute of *English* critical influence, we cannot wonder that both his name and writings should have been partially eclipsed for a season. Aye! for a season only! The genius of this man was bright and vigorous, refined and original; therefore it only needed a *fair* presentment of the poems through which he "lived and had his being," in order to secure his lasting and honourable recognition.

Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By Bayard Taylor. G. P. Putnam. New York: 1859.

Mr. Taylor is a fortunate man. The star of his earthly fate seems to grow larger and more luminous as the years advance. From the comparatively humble trade of a printer, depending upon his daily toil for bread, he has steadily risen by the force of talent and industry (conjoined we *must* suppose to favourable circumstances), to his present enviable position of reputation and profit. We cannot conceive a more delightful existence than the life which Mr. Taylor has passed during the last ten or fifteen years. It has been, we should say, one round of healthful excitement, combined with the amplest opportunities for information and experience. That he has made good use of these opportunities, we have no reason to doubt. His Records of Travel, which, in bulk, may be

said to amount to a small library, are books of solid value, written elaborately, and bearing the unmistakable marks of truthfulness. As an author, in this department, Mr. Taylor's characteristics are fidelity and minuteness of detail, singular clearness of observation, strong practical sense in the enunciation of general principles as to races, and national institutions, and lastly, a pure, lucid and eminently *English* style of narrative.

These great and unusual merits, combine to render the perusal of his "Travels" a profitable and sufficiently pleasant task—but after all, it is more of a *task* than an engrossing delight. Something in his works, we continually find wanting. In fact, with all their accuracy of statement, and keenness of observation, we cannot help noting a general absence of the very faculty of mind for which we had supposed Mr. Taylor's "Travels" would have been distinguished, viz: *imagination*. Compare them with his *poems*, for example, and remark the radical difference between them.

Mr. Taylor's verse is not merely picturesque and spirited, but in its highest manifestations, vigorously imaginative. His ode to "The Harp," and "Desert Hymn to the Sun," are instances in point. But in his "Travels," the Muse seems to desert him, or, are we correct in surmising that *he* voluntarily deserts the Muse—that his purpose has been, to prepare clear, readable, unambitious books, which everybody can understand at a glance, and which, thus addressing the public at large, are sure to meet with ready purchasers? If so, we hold Mr. Taylor perfectly justified in his plan. A man, bent upon cosmopolitan travel, *must*, of course, "put money in his purse." Still, there are *exceptions* to this practical character of our author's prose writings. The account of his journeys in Norway and Lapland, together with many portions of the book under consideration, display a poetical glow and fervour, a wealth of enthusiasm, and vividness of style which appeal at once, and irresistibly to the higher sympathies of intellect and feeling. His pictures of Athens, its grand associations, and the impression made by them upon his own soul, thoroughly fulfil the requisitions of his exacting theme. We would indicate as particularly interesting and well-written, the 18th, 19th, and 20th chapters, descriptive of "Byron in Greece," the "Haunts of the Muses," and "Parnassus and the Dorian Mountains." The chapter on Byron contains a few novel items of information in reference to the poet's last illness. Among other things, it is related on the authority of Mr. Finlay, a young and ardent Philhellene, who

happened to be detained, at the time, in Missolonghi, that Byron, before his sickness had taken a fatal turn, said to Col. Stanhope, and some other friends attending upon him, "Well, I *expected* something to happen this year. It's all owing to the old witch!" We asked for an explanation. Mr. Finlay proceeds—"When I was a boy," said he, "an old woman who told my fortune, predicted that *four particular years* would be dangerous to me. Three times her prediction has come true, and now *this* is the fourth year she named. So, you see it won't do to laugh at the witches."

He said this in a gay, jesting voice, and seemed to have no idea that his fever would prove fatal.

Speaking of the strong impress of Byron's individuality of genius and emotion, left upon the various classical localities of Athens, Mr. Taylor eloquently observes:

"In wandering about Athens on a sunny March day, when the asphodels are blossoming on Colonos—when the immortal mountains are folded in a transparent purple haze, and the waveless Ægean slumbers afar, among his Islands, I never failed to hear a voice steal upon the charmed silence—a young manly voice ringing with inspiration, yet subdued by the landscape to a harmony with its own exquisite rhythmus, chanting,

'Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,' &c.

—See 2d Book of *Childe Harold*.

"The simple thought in the verse referred to, is neither new nor profound; but when the blue sky of Greece is over your head—when the thick olive groves shimmer silverly before you down the valley of the Cephissus—when the bee rises from his bed in the bells of the asphodel and the flavor of the thymy honey of Hymettus is still on your palate—when the marble quarries of Pentelicus gleam like scars on the blue pediment of the mountain—then, these lines sing themselves into your brain as the natural voice of the landscape."—p. 216.

With this extract, we must close our brief and imperfect notice.

The Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. Edinburgh.

The use of tobacco has increased to such an extent within the present century, that serious fears are apprehended lest the demand far outstrip the supply. Dr. Lizars finds from official Custom House reports, that in 1853, nearly 30 millions of pounds were consumed in the British Islands. It would be curious and interesting to know how much is annually consumed in America.

This little volume altogether ignores the use of tobacco, the author considering the use as itself an abuse. Like the apostles of temperance in the late movement against alcohol, the charges against the culprit are too numerous, and he will be likely to escape, because the prosecutor must fail to make good many of his counts. We do not believe tobacco responsible for half the evils charged upon it; and we are sure that no coroner's inquest in this country ever rendered a verdict of death from extreme tobacco smoking.

We believe it is generally admitted that the nervous sensibility of both men and women, in both hemispheres, is greater than formerly. This fact, alone, will account for the increased consumption of tobacco. There is no doubt but that it produces partial anæsthesia, and keeps down the nervous system when it threatens to rack the body. If ladies would use it, we have no doubt a great many of their nervous disorders would either disappear, or be greatly mitigated.

When we consider the universality of its use, we can not but regard it as the promptings of nature. Mere fashion can not bind us to an expensive, a disagreeable and a useless habit; and if prompted by nature, he is a rash physician who would absolutely interdict its use.

The great evil of tobacco is, that it engenders a habit from which it is exceedingly difficult to emancipate one's self; and this habit interferes, sadly, with those minor morals of society, on the proper observance of which, so much of our happiness depends. A man will quit the company of women, because he wants to indulge in his quid or his cigar; and he is sometimes so engaged with the requirements of his tobacco, that he neglects his acquaintance on the street. As to the influence of tobacco on thought, everything depends upon the person. The habitual smoker or chewer will, of course, pursue a train of thought better when comfortable, than when oppressed by a secret want; but it is a fallacy to suppose that the cigar is, in itself, a promoter of thought; it produces a sort of reverie, which, we suspect, is very like the reverse of thought.

It is said that Robert Hall, who was a devotee to the pipe, was once persuaded to read a book, in which the evils of the practice were demonstrated. He said,—"I cannot answer the writer's arguments, and I can not give up my pipe." So it is with Mr. Lizars' book: nobody will give up tobacco because of it.

The etiquette which exists among the devotees of tobacco is curious. The snuff taker never helps himself, without

handing his box to every one present. He who smokes, sometimes offers a cigar, but no one will ever ask for one. The tobacco chewer never offers his plug to anybody, but cheerfully recognizes the claim of any one in want; he hesitates not to ask the solace of a perfect stranger with whom he may chance to meet, and the other takes out his plug, and gives the quid, as a matter of course. Do the varieties of etiquette proceed from the relative positions of the classes to which the habits were originally confined? Let him answer who will give us the philosophy of tobacco.

Ten Years of Preacher Life. Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn. Derby & Jackson, New York, 1859.

Whoever has heard this gifted man preach, or lecture, will surely hasten to procure any work which bears his name as author.

The picturesque fancy, the powers of vivid and graphic narrative displayed in his elocution, are reproduced to a still greater degree in his books. Had Mr. Milburn retained his eye-sight, we cannot but believe that he would have been a painter, a landscape painter, probably, of considerable eminence, for the prime characteristic of his intellect is its quick and singular facility of picturesque perception.

He never describes a scene by sea or by land, whether wholly of the earth, earthy; of the water, watery; or built up of the shifting hues of sunset glorifying the clouds, which is not made almost as palpable to the senses as the imagination of him who hears or reads. No doubt the intensity of this faculty of word-painting is partly owing to the very affliction which has for ever debarred him from materializing his conceptions upon canvas; for to the *mind's eye* of the blind, God, as if in compensation for the loss of outward sight, frequently imparts a superior lustre and quickness of vision. But making all due allowances for this generally recognized fact, we still maintain that Mr. Milburn's mind is pre-eminently the mind of a painter. His powers of combination and artistic grouping are seconded by his intense love of colour, so that his most successful pieces of writing and description are not only distinguished by a fitness, and rare adaptation of parts to parts, persons to persons, but by a glow, fervour, and richness of tinting very extraordinary.

What Ruskin has said of Scott's style of poetry, is applicable, with slight modification, to Mr. Milburn's style both of

preaching and composing. It is colour—vivid colour every where, his “healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue.” “He depends much upon colour for his powers and pleasure [a strange thing to say of a blind man, yet entirely true]; and, in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the *one* character which he will give is colour—using it with faithfulness up to the point of possible modern perception.”

We might produce a score of passages from Mr. Milburn's works to demonstrate what we have said of him in this respect, but it is necessary to glance at the style and purpose of the book more especially under review.

On a starlight night, in the summer of 1854, the preacher was pacing Nahant beach in company with the poet Longfellow.

“As our talk,” he says in his preface, “ran upon the Old World and the New, upon the scenes we had visited and the men we had known, ‘Why do you not write the story of your life?’ he (Longfellow) said.”

“The idea never occurred to me before. Not a week later Mr. Prescott asked me the same question.

“Since then it has often been repeated.

“I have sought in this volume to set before the reader a truthful picture of the life of a Methodist preacher, which, more than that of almost any other man in this country, is fraught with the experience of vicissitude.”

The author has perfectly succeeded in his design. He gives us a connected and most vivid narrative of his own life-experiences, and the experiences of the many godly and able men with whom his profession brought him into constant and intimate connection. The story in itself, *i. e.*, as regards the *mere facts*, is one of great interest, but these are detailed with such sprightliness of humor, and in a manner so natural, hearty, unstudied, that one is pleasantly beguiled from the first chapter to the end. And here let us say a word in regard to Mr. Milburn's *humour*. It is manifestly a part of his mental constitution, which he could not eradicate if he tried. And we are glad to see that no mistaken views of what is absurdly called “clerical dignity” have ever been allowed to come in the way, and stare out of countenance any innocent jest or harmless pleasantry which have served to render his book as piquant in style as it is picturesque in description.

He tells, among other excellent stories, the following in reference to a famous “brother,” who, while on a visit to New

York, was compelled to put up at a fashionable hotel. With this extract we must close our necessarily brief notice:

He (Peter Cartwright) was brought, some years ago, by business connected with the church, to the city of New York, where a room had been engaged for him at the Irving House. Reaching town late at night, he registered his name, and waited until the sleepy hotel clerk cast a glance at the rather illegible scrawl, and at the farmer-like appearance of the man before him. The servant was directed to show the gentleman to his room, which, toiling up one flight of steps after another, Mr. Cartwright found was the first beneath the leads. The patronizing servant explained to the traveller the use of the various articles in the room, and said, on leaving, pointing to the bell-rope, “If you want anything, you can just pull that, and somebody will come up.”

The old gentleman waited until the servant had time to descend, and then gave the rope a furious jerk. Up came the servant, bounding two, three steps at a time, and was amazed at the reply in answer to his “What will you have, sir?”

“How are you all coming on down below? It is such a ways from here to there, that a body can have no notion even of the weather where you are.”

The servant assured him that all was going on well, and was dismissed, but had scarcely reached the office before another strenuous pull at the bell was given. The bell in the City Hall had struck a fire alarm, and the firemen, with their apparatus, were hurrying with confused noises along the street.

“What's wanting, sir?” said the irritated servant.

“What's all this hulla-balloo?” said the stranger.

“Only a fire,” sir.

“A fire, sir!” shouted the other; “do you want us all to be burned up?” knowing well enough the fire was not on the premises.

The servant assured him of the distance of the conflagration, and that all was safe, and again descended. A third furious pull at the bell, and the almost breathless servant again made his appearance at the door.

“Bring me a hatchet,” said the traveller, in a peremptory tone.

“A hatchet, sir?” said the astonished waiter.

“Yes, a hatchet.”

“What for, sir?”

“That's none of your business; go and fetch me a hatchet.”

The servant descended, and informed the clerk that, in his private opinion, that old chap was crazy, and that he

meant to commit suicide, or to kill some one in the house, for that he wanted a hatchet.

The clerk, with some trepidation, ventured to the room beneath the leads, and having presented himself, said, in his blindest tone, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what was it you wanted?"

"A hatchet," said the imperious stranger.

"A hatchet, sir, really; but what for?" said the other.

"What for! Why, look here, stranger, you see I'm not accustomed to these big houses, and it's such a journey from this to where you are that I thought I might get lost. Now, it is my custom, when I am in a strange country, to blaze my way; we cut notches in the trees, and call that blazing, and we can then always find our way back again; so I thought if I had a hatchet, I'd just go out and blaze the corners from this to your place, and then I would be able to find my way back."

"I beg your pardon," said the mystified clerk; "but what's your name, sir? I could not read it very well on the book."

"My name," replied the other—"certainly; my debts are all paid, and my will is made. My name is Peter Cartwright, at your service."

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," responded the other; "I beg you ten thousand pardons; we have a room for you, sir, on the second floor—the best room in the house. This way, sir, if you please."

"All right," said the old gentleman; "that's all I wanted."

The Sword and the Gown. By the author of "*Guy Livingstone*:" Ticknor & Fields. Boston, 1859.

In taking up this book, we had no sooner seen "By the author of *Guy Livingstone*," than we promised ourselves, quite confidently, four or five hours of pleasant reading. "*Guy Livingstone*" was a novel, deficient in constructiveness and general unity of design, but remarkable for the brilliant vigour of individual scenes, the acute perception displayed in the analysis of peculiar phases of human passion, and an unconventional, but still earnest, philosophy of faith and ethics, which, if startling from its boldness, was equally refreshing because of its manly originality. Some scenes, in fact, as, for example, the fate of Charles Forrester, the detection of Bruce, the Murderer, and the death of the hero himself, seemed to us to possess, in no ordinary degree, the elements of a true dramatic imagination.

As a work, considered upon its own

merits, "*Guy Livingstone*" was worthy of attention and praise; as the first publication of a young author, it was, undoubtedly, (to borrow the stereotyped expression of the reviewers,) the "most promising novel of the season!"

It will now be readily comprehended that we undertook the perusal of "*The Sword and the Gown*" in a humor to be charmed, and with a spirit as ready, critical as possible. Upon the whole, we must confess that after a careful, and, in many respects, an interested examination of the work, we have been disappointed. There is no increase or development of the author's powers apparent in it. On the contrary, he re-produces, in his main personages, the same moulds of character, which were conspicuous in his first performance, thus weakening the reader's confidence in the fertility of his genius, and its capacity for future growth and expansion. What is Royston Keen but a second *Guy Livingstone*, with the latter's worst passions intensified, and his redeeming traits altogether left out?

What, too, is Cecil Tresilyan, the heroine, but one who occupies a middle ground between Flora Bellasys and Constance Brandon, without the decided wickedness of Flora, or the lofty principles of Constance? Moreover, there is in "*The Sword and Gown*" far less of impetuous action, of sustained interest as a narrative, than in its predecessor, while the chief fault of "*Guy Livingstone*," a disposition to lapse into essayical discussions upon various social, moral, and religious topics, is, in the present work, more apparent than ever. We do not say that these discussions are in themselves tedious. Merely as essays and scraps of philosophical remark, they show great keenness of judgment, extensive observation of English fashionable life, and a delicate scholarly spirit. But they sadly interfere with the course of the story, and would appear to indicate a consciousness on the part of the writer of his own imperfect powers of invention.

But, with every possible deduction, we must acknowledge *The Sword and Gown* to be a very able tale. Perhaps we have tried the work by too high a standard—a standard to which it was never designed to be submitted. With the vivid impression, however, made by "*Guy Livingstone*" still fresh upon us, it was hardly possible to adopt any other style of criticism in a review of the novel directly following that brilliant production.

It would be well, before closing, to make a few random extracts. Here is a description of the heroine:

"Before you saw Cecil Tresilyan's

face, the curve of her neck, and the way her head was set on it, told you that she was by no means exempt from the family failing which had laid its hand so heavily on her ancestress. Yet it was not a hard or habitually haughty, or even a very decided face. There was nothing alarmingly severe about the slight aquiline of the nose; the chin did not look as if it were 'carved in marble,' or 'clasped in steel,' or as if it were made of anything but soft flesh prettily dimpled; the delicate scarlet lip, when it curled, rarely went beyond sauciness; though the splendid violet eyes could well express disdain, this was not their favorite expression, and they had many. The head would certainly have been too small had it not been for the glossy masses of dark-chestnut hair sweeping down low all round it, smooth and unbroken as a deep river in its first curl over a cataract. Candid friends said her complexion was not bright enough; perhaps they were right; but the colour had not forgotten how to come and go there at fitting seasons; at any rate, the grand, clear white could never be mistaken for an unhealthy pallor. An extraordinarily good constitution was ever part of a Tresilyan's inheritance; and if you doubted whether her blood circulated freely, you had only to compare her cheek, on a bitter March day, with some red-and-white ones, when a sharp east wind had forced those last to mount all the stripes of the tri-colour. By the way, are not the 'roses dipped in milk' going out of fashion just now? An humble but staunch adherent of the House of York, I like to think - how many battle-fields, since Towton, our Flower has won.

But if Cecil's face was not faultless, her figure *was*. Had one single proportion been exaggerated or deficient, she could never have carried off her height so lithely and gracefully. She might take twenty *poses* in a morning, and people always thought they would choose the last one to have her painted in. Here, she was quite inimitable. For instance, women, I believe, used to practise in their own rooms for hours to catch her peculiar way of half-reclining in an arm-chair; but the most painstaking of them all never achieved any thing beyond a caricature. Yet no one could accuse her of studying stage-effects. If a trifle of the *Incedo Regina* marked her walk and carriage, it was à l'Eugénie, not à la Statira.

Indeed, she was thoroughly natural all over; cleverer and more fascinating, certainly, than ninety-nine women out of every hundred; but not one bit more strong-minded, or heroic, or self-denying. She had been very well brought up, and had undeniably good principles; but

she would yield to occasional small temptations with perfect grace and facility. Great ones she had never yet encountered; for Cecil, if not quite fancy free, had only read and perhaps dreamt of passions. She had known one remorse, of which you may hear hereafter, (not a heavy allowance considering her opportunities,) and one grief—the death of her mother. She entertained a remarkable reverence for all ministers of the Established Church; yet she was about the last woman alive to have married a clergyman, and would have considered the charge of the old women and schools of a country parish as a lingering and unsatisfactory martyrdom. There never was a more constant attendant at all sorts of Divine service, though, perhaps, the most casual of worshippers had never been more bored than she was by some of the discourses to which she listened so patiently. She would confess this to you at luncheon, and then start for the same church in the afternoon, with an edifying but rather comic expression of resignation. I am sure she would not have deliberately vexed the smallest child; and yet the number of athletic men who ascribed the loss of their peace of mind to her was, as the Yankees have it, 'a caution.' Some of the 'regulars,' wary adventuresses of three seasons' standing, had brought off several pretty good things by following her, and picking up the victims fluttering about, helpless in their first despair, just as the keepers after a batteau go round the covers with the retrievers."

The following is among the graphic scenes of the book, and could hardly be surpassed in its way: Cecil is riding in company with Mr. Fullarton (the representative of "THE GOWN," and a very true representative of a large class belonging to that sacred and august profession), when, on the road before them, she meets Royston Keen, in whom she had already become much interested. After a brief conversation, the parties separate, Mr. Fullarton and his charge proceeding upon their pleasure excursion. Their guide, by mistake, leads them across the fields of a certain brutal small proprietor in the neighbourhood, who stops them in a savage manner, demanding toll. But let the author tell his story:

"Who, then, dares to trespass on my lands? Do you think we sow our crops for your cursed mules to trample on?"

He spoke in a hoarse thick voice, (suggestive of spirituous liquors,) and in the disagreeable Provençal dialect, which must have altered strangely since the time of the *troubadours*: brief as his speech was, it found room for more than

one of those expletives which are nowhere so horribly blasphemous as in the south of France.

Cecil had started slightly at the first interjection, which broke her day-dream, but she was not otherwise alarmed or discomposed: she seemed to regard the *propriétaire* simply as an unpleasant obstacle to their progress, and glanced at Mr. Fullarton as if she expected him to clear it away. The latter was not good at French, but he did manage to express their sorrow if they had done any harm unconsciously, and their wish to retire instantly. 'Not before paying,' was the reply. '*Quinze francs de dédommagement; et puis, filez aux tous les diables!*'

Women are not expected to carry purses, or any other objects of simple utility; but why Mr. Fullarton should have left his at home on this particular day is between himself and his own conscience. The party very soon realized the fact that they could muster about a hundred and fifty centimes among them.

Even kings and kaisers, when *incogniti*, have ere this been reduced to the extremest straits of ignominy from the want of a few available pieces of silver; and in ordinary life, five shillings ready at the moment are frequently of more importance than as many hundreds in expectancy. There lives even now a man who missed the most charming rendezvous with which fortune ever favoured him, because he rode a mile round to avoid a turnpike, not having wherewithal to pay it. Since that disastrous day he is ever furnished with such a weight of small change that, had Cola Pesce carried it, the strong swimmer must have sunk like a stone—in penance, probably, even as James of Scotland wore the iron belt. At a pause in the conversation you may hear him rattling the coppers in his pocket moodily, as the spectres in old romances rattle their chains; but his remorse is unavailing. A fair chance once lost, Whist and Erycina never forgive. The beautiful bird that might then have been limed and tamed shook her wings and flew away exultingly: far up in air the unlucky fowler may still sometimes hear her clear mocking carol, but she is too near heaven for his arts to reach, and has escaped the toils forever.

On the present occasion Katie Fullarton 'flashed' her one half-franc with great courage and confidence, but the display of all that small capitalist's worldly wealth did not mollify Jean Duchesne. He had been lashing himself up, all along, into such a state of brutal ferocity, that he would have been disappointed if his extortion had been imme-

diately satisfied; so he broke in savagely on the chaplain's confused excuses and promises to settle everything at a fitting season: 'Tais toi, blagueur! On ne me floue pas ainsi avec des promesses; je m'en fiche pas mal. Au moins, on me laissera un gage.' His bloodshot eyes roved from one object to another till they lighted on the parasol that Miss Tresilyan carried: it was of plain dark gray silk, with a slight black lace trimming, but the carvings of the ivory handle made it of some real value. Before any one could divine his intention he had plucked it rudely from her hand.

Almost with the same motion Cecil set Katie down, and sprang herself from the saddle. In her eyes there was such intensity of anger that the drunken savage recoiled a pace or two, and for the first time in his life felt something like self-contempt: to have saved her soul she could not have spoken one word, but her silence was expressive enough as she turned to Mr. Fullarton. It is difficult to say what line she expected him to take,—not the *voie de fait*, certainly; at least, if the hypothesis had been put to her when she was cool enough to consider it, she would utterly have repudiated such an idea. Perhaps she had a right to look for moral support, if not for active championship.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from objecting to the main incident upon which the *dénouement* of this novel turns. It is a repetition of the Rochester rascality in "Jane Eyre," which recent writers of fiction have surely employed *ad nauseam*.

As to the *morale* of the work, it will doubtless be strenuously denounced by the religious community,—especially the "guild" of the Fullartons. Some persons seem to think that all crimes may be depicted and exposed by the novelist, except the capital crime of ecclesiastical hypocrisy!

For our own part, we have had the misfortune to meet several Fullartons in the course of our experience, and can testify to the accuracy of the portrait in "THE SWORD AND THE GOWN."

The Logic of Political Economy and other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Ticknor & Fields. Boston.

We can at present recall no work which so conclusively proves as the first treatise in this volume, that in the province of pure reasoning and stern analytical discussion, the man of strong imagination is every whit as capable of grappling with the knottiest problems involved in the mathematical and logical aspects of a subject, as that much

larger class of persons generally honoured with the title of *practical thinkers*.

"Political Economy," in itself, is a sufficiently dry and abstruse topic, yet, under the marvellous mastery of De Quincey's keen, subtle, but most lucid logic, vitalized by all the resources of learning, suggestive illustration, and ready humour (think of a political economist indulging his readers with *bons mots* and witticisms!) the subject becomes absolutely glorified, just as we have seen a dull, gray moor, previously overhung with clouds, break forth shining and beautiful in the sudden triumph of sunlight. *This*, indeed, is the only essay upon political economy we have ever been able to read through and thoroughly to relish. The style is perfect, and unless there be some error in the premises, which we are too ignorant to detect, the train of argument proceeds with irresistible force to conclusions seemingly impregnable.

The remainder of the present volume is chiefly occupied with translations from the German, consisting, for the most part, of those weird, grotesque stories, for which the fictitious literature of Germany is famous. Preceding them, however, we have a spirited article on the life and writings of Milton, wherein De Quincey, much to our delight, demolishes the sophisms, and exposes the malignity of Dr. Johnson's infamous biography of England's great epic poet.

Among other unworthy inuendoes and charges of the doctor, it will be remembered that he says, "let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with merriment on great promises and small performance; on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action, *vapors away his patriotism in a private boarding-school*."

"It is not true," De Quincey replies, "that Milton had made great promises, or any promises at all. But, if he had

made the greatest, his exertions for the next sixteen years nobly redeemed them. In what way did Dr. Johnson expect his patriotism to be expressed? As a soldier? Milton has himself urged his bodily weakness and intellectual strength as reasons for following a line of duty ten times nobler. Was he influenced in his choice by fear of military dangers and hardships? Far from it."

"For I did not," he says, "shun those evils, without engaging to render my fellow-citizens services much more useful, and attended with no less danger." "What services were those?"

We will state them in his own words. "When I observed that there are in all three modes of liberty: first, ecclesiastical liberty; secondly, civil liberty; thirdly, domestic; having myself already treated of the first, and noticing that the magistrate was taking steps in behalf of the second, I concluded that the third, that is to say, domestic or household liberty, remained to me as my peculiar province."

"And whereas, this again is capable of a three-fold sub-division, accordingly as it regards the interests of conjugal life in the first place, or those of education in the second, or, finally, the freedom of speech and the right of giving full publication to sound opinions; I took it upon myself to defend all three—the first by my 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' the second by my 'Tractate on Education,' the third by my *Areopagitica*."

On this, and many other points, Milton has been defended by De Quincey from the rude assaults of Dr. Johnson, whose malignity blinded him (as malignity always does), to the childish absurdity of several of his charges.

Of the stories translated from the German, to which allusion has been made, the best are "The Fatal Marksman," and the characteristic tale called "The Dice."